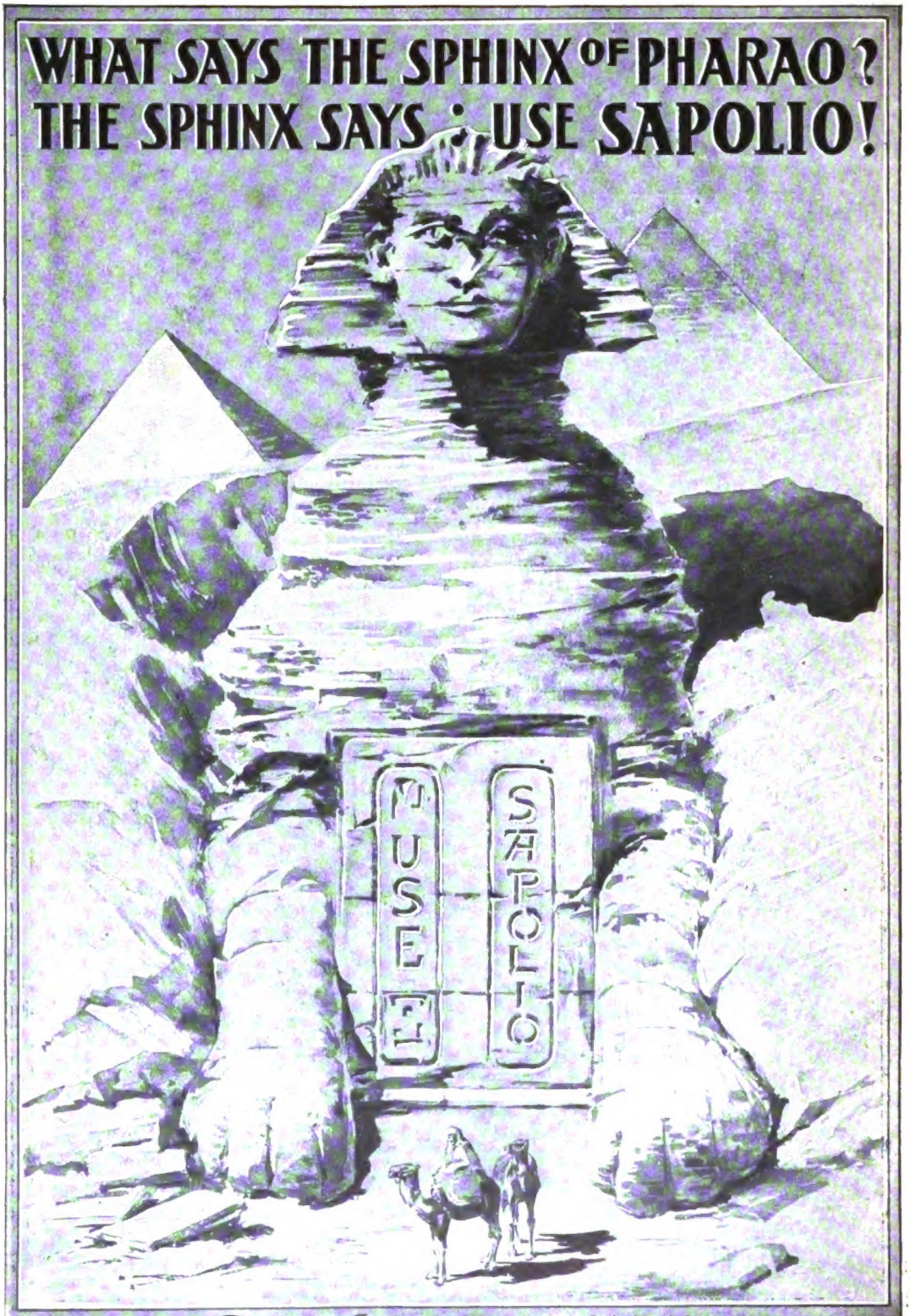
PRICE 10 CENTS | A GLIMPSE OF THE GERM WORLD | PRICE 10 CENTS

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

FOR MARCH

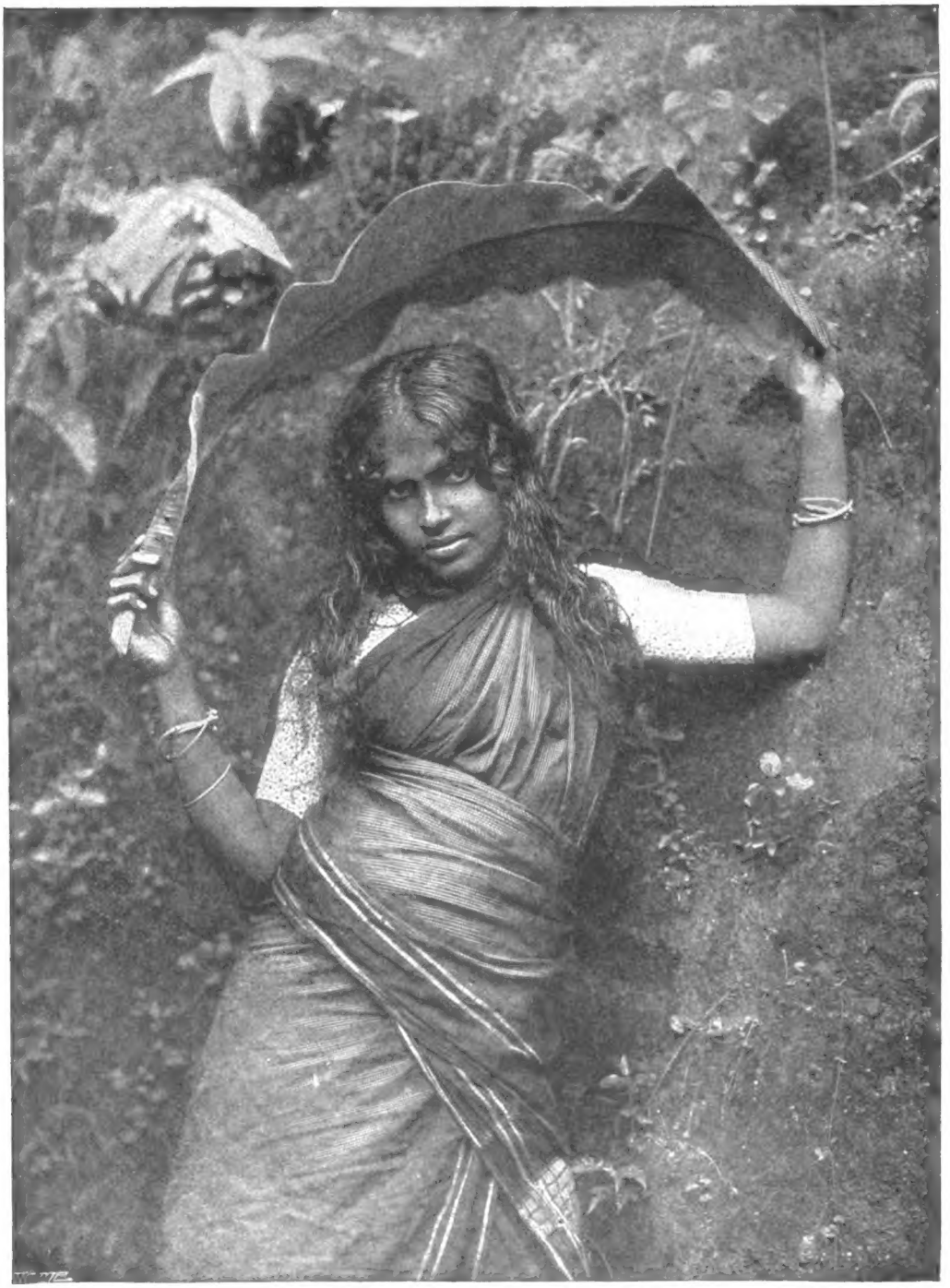
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



A SAMOAN BEAUTY.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Silk Industry in America

By Theodore Tracy

Among the splendid industrial and commercial attainments that mark our Republic's place among the great nations with peculiar dignity and strength to-day, is the successful production of several standard articles which, though by every legitimate law universally recognized as especially our own, are created from primal elements not native to our soil.

Perhaps no other of these great industrial attainments so emphatically demonstrates the benefit of intelligent international recognition, and the fallacy of international isolation, as does the American silk industry. It is only about two centuries ago that an American silk industry was dreamed of; now, though advancing upon a vastly different plan than that of its initiation, *our Republic is the greatest silk manufacturing country in the world.*

I have used the word *manufacturing* advisedly; for, though this truly enormous output of finished silk goods is ours, every thread of the dainty fabric is led to our looms from far distant lands. Nature has not fitted us to be silk producers, and energy and means are recognized among us as quite too valuable factors of progress to be wasted in futile rivalry with her. It is true that with infinite care and at great cost silk-worms may be raised here; may go through the seven thousand augmentations through which they pass in their brief life of little more than a month; imprison themselves in the regal cells we know as cocoons, and emerge thence on their resurrection wings in the full beauty of the fluttering and short-lived moth. Sufficient cocoons may even—through peculiar sweetness of a season and perfection of arrangements—be produced for a small reeling of silk; this has, indeed, happened in the southern provinces of colonial times and in California during our own time. But woe to the expectations builded upon this happening! They are sure to prove bubbles, tinged with gold in the light of careless hope, it may be, for a very brief moment, but, when exposed to the vigorous temperature of practicality, vanishing as completely as did the expectations of the *morus multicaulis* enthusiasts in 1839, when a severe frost utterly destroyed this "hardy" mulberry plant that was to furnish delectable nutriment to the little creatures that were the basis of their forlorn hope. That the experiment, on the other hand, of introducing here a species of silk-worm hardier than the delicate Bombyx of Southern Europe and the Orient was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

quite as hopeless, is shown by the sad experience of Massachusetts in trying to rid herself of the gypsy moths which were "discovered" by M. Trouvelot, a French scientist with a strong turn for *Bachicoltura* (silk-worm raising), somewhere in France, near Lyons, I believe, and brought thence by him to his home in Medford, Mass., as an act calculated to win him the everlasting gratitude of our country. But, alas! the gypsies have required the combined efforts of the Agricultural Department at Washington, the absolute devotion of such learned entomologists as Prof. C. H. Fernald and Mr. E. H. Forbush of the Amherst (Mass.) Agricultural College, the vigorous onslaught of a lively force of Amherst College lads assisted by an army of strong day laborers under the skilful personal direction of Mr. A. B. Kirkland, a million and a half of the Bay State's money in cold cash, and more than a decade of time to partly overcome!

The story of the coming of this bandit cousin of the silk-worm is quite too presently interesting to be lightly dismissed. It was in 1869 that M. Trouvelot exultantly brought with him on his return from a visit to his native France the gypsy-moth eggs. He possessed a pretty little home in the town of Medford, Mass., and, joined to it, a small orchard exposed to the full light of the sun. Upon the limb of a tree in this orchard he placed his captives, and covering them securely, as he thought, with mosquito netting, there he left them to the influence of the warm sun and pure air. But he quite forgot the robins. The sight of the plump worms lying among the young leaves under the mosquito netting was too much for their probity, and so, when the scientist went to look at his treasures, they were gone. Better, indeed, would it have been had the robins devoured every one of the gypsies; but, alas! some of them, even thus early, so closely followed the traditions of their name-tribe, hiding themselves in the fissures of the wood, that they escaped even the eager eye of M. Trouvelot. They were ungrateful, too; for, not content to increase and multiply in the sunny garden of their patron, they scurried off to the grounds of his neighbors, and of his neighbors' neighbors.

M. Trouvelot returned to France after informing the faculty of Harvard College of his work and of the escape of his *protégés*.

In the vicinity of M. Trouvelot's home the gypsies, well content with their surroundings, grew in strength and numbers among the unsuspicious people many years; in fact, until early in the eighties, when the denizens of the good old town, filled with wonder, saw their beautiful fruit and shade trees literally bared in a single night. After a few weeks' vigorous attention, however, the insect retired so completely that its putting to flight as the fruit of individual effort was taken for granted; but it was only for the season the bandit had diplomatically hidden himself, for in 1890 the gypsy-moth "benefaction" had become a terrible scourge to all the eastern part of the Bay State. Then the legislature took up the matter of extermination, at first with a ridiculously small appropriation, then, as the gravity of the peril became apparent, with more money, and yet more. In 1893 the infected district covered 250 square miles, and was spreading with frightful rapidity. Whole acres of this territory were as thoroughly denuded of foliage as if a fire had swept over them. The fight is still going on, but with ample provision of the munitions of war, victory for humanity appears to be in sight.

So much for the Trouvelot experiment in producing raw silk in America! And, so far as is known, the gypsy-moth cocoons have never produced even a thread of silk here, if anywhere!

The writer recently made this direct inquiry of the Entomological Division of the United States Department of Agriculture: "Is the *raising* of silk in the United States practicable?" The reply, after speaking in the highest terms of the success attained in the *manufacture* of silk from imported material, referred me to an enclosed circular, which, after detailing various conditions that militate against the production of silk here, closes with these words: "*There can be no question but that serious*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

disappointment will surely follow extravagant ideas upon the subject of silk raising for profit in the United States; and if you are contemplating such a course, you are very strongly dissuaded therefrom." After such testimony, and with such counsel, we may close the subject of silk-worm raising in our country, and consider the pedigree of the dainty material, learning lessons therefrom—whence comes the bulk of our raw material; whence comes the very best of it, and why thence; what was the early experience of our country in matters pertaining to the silk industry; our great, especial advantages for silk manufacturing; and a few present statistics.

As far as history has been able to follow pedigree-ward this soft and dainty thread upon which palatial residences have been erected, colossal fortunes built, vast industrial enterprises sustained, and the rivalry of nations maintained, the largest and most important general development of its culture seems to have taken place in China 1650–1700 B.C.

Its course is traced by tradition, embellished with pretty legends, to Japan, and finally to Byzantium, whither it was carried by two monks in the time of Justinian. From this time silk tradition ends and silk history begins. The art of silk culture spread all through Southern Europe; but from the first, and up to this very day, it has been at its finest, best, and richest in Italy. France pressed her closely, however, and in the early days the Huguenots were especially prominent in both silk raising and silk weaving. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had expelled the Huguenots from France, and after their subsequent coming to England, a considerable company of these silk workers settled in the Carolinas (about 1683). They were subsequently reënforced by a company of Swiss workers under the leadership of John Peter Purry. But with all these efforts in this colonial garden of silk production, only two hundred and fifty-one pounds was its recorded product for twenty-five years.

In 1734–35, Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia presented eight pounds of colonial silk to Her Majesty Queen Caroline. Even then the vastly superior proficiency of the Italians as silk producers was so well understood that, in 1736, a large body of Italians of both sexes was induced to settle in Savannah; but love of their own sunny *patria*, zeal for her interests, and perhaps a greater insight as to the impracticability of large and established silk culture on American soil, so wrought upon them that they incontinently fled, leaving in their wake neither eggs nor paraphernalia. This flight caused deep chagrin among the silk enthusiasts of the time; but again interest was providentially sustained, this time by the arrival of an excellent company of Salzburgers (from Bavaria). Some thirty miles from Savannah they founded the thrifty town of Ebenezer, soon vigorously establishing the silk industry there. At this time it was proposed (and not unwisely, it seems, from their love for and sympathy with nature) to interest the Chickasaw Indians in silk culture. Again, with all these moves and countermoves, providential helps, royal bounties, and desperate efforts, the colonists were obliged to reluctantly admit that, up to 1740, "as to raw-silk exportation no entries of moment have as yet been seen in the custom house."

Truly our forefathers had not yet learned how much more progressive is intelligent recognition of fact than fighting against the economy of nature. A winding mill (*filatura*) was established in Savannah in 1744, and in 1749 its trustees equipped it with proper appointments. The champion colonial individual silk raiser of those days seems to have been Mrs. Pinckney, who, going to England in 1755, "took with her sufficient silk of her own raising to make three complete suits. One of these was presented to the Dowager Princess of Wales, one to Lord Chesterfield, and the third remained in her own family as a very precious heirloom."

In those days the London Society of Arts proved itself not as far-sighted as it might have been, in that it tried to still more stimulate the exertions of the colonial silk raisers, offering large product pre-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WATCHING FOR THE BIRTH OF MOTHS.

miums up to almost the time of the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. When Georgia became a separate colony, a strong effort at silk raising was made there. We have, however, to record its failure, together with that of the effort made in Louisiana.

By this time the silk-producing fever had spread to the staid Northern States. Rev. Jared Eliot, grandson of the apostle to the Indians, was among the wise men who were seized with the enthusiasm.

It was in 1732 that Connecticut took up silk raising, the first coat and hat made of New England silk being worn upon a famous state occasion by Governor Law. No less a dignitary than Dr. Ezra Stiles, then President of Yale, appeared in professional robes made from cocoons he himself had raised, at the expense of—who can calculate?—how much time and patience! In 1789 the Connecticut silk industry was so vigorously revived (and on far more practical lines) that, in 1800, quite three-quarters of the families of some towns, Mansfield prominent among them, devoted themselves to it.

The learned silk culture and silk industry treatises of Dr. Du Ponceau (who accompanied Baron Steuben to this country in 1777) were extremely valuable at this juncture of our silk affairs. In 1725 the culture of silk in Pennsylvania was recommended to the Penn family by James Logan, and it was about this time that Benjamin Franklin became much interested in it. In 1765 a large number of journeymen silk throwsters emigrated from England to New York and Pennsylvania, and in 1770 a public *filatura* was established in Pennsylvania largely through the personal efforts of Dr. Franklin. It does not seem, however, that silk raised in Pennsylvania took prominent place in the material used in this *filatura*. It was, however, a pretty fashion of those days for the young ladies of Pennsylvania to raise themselves the frail little creatures that were to furnish the elegant material for their wedding gowns.

That pieces of silk from home raising were considered in the colonies quite as appropriate gifts to people high in the affairs of state as in England, is attested by a letter from George Washington to the fair producer of a piece of silk, in which he promises not only to have the silk (whose excellence he highly commends) "made up," but to "wear it."

At last, just before the Revolutionary War, the eyes of England were opened, not so much, perhaps, to the *production* of silk in the colonies as to the excellence of silk spinning and weaving here. Then the English legislators passed a law against the encouragement of the silk industry and commerce in the colonies and on the exportation of whatever machinery could be useful in it.

After the Revolution the silk industry was reëstablished on the basis of home encouragement and domestic sale. Sewing silk, which was the first fruit of the reëstablishment, held prominent place in the graceful household arts of post-revolutionary days. The skeins proved a source of great satisfaction. They were not only useful in home beautifying, but, "put up in packages of one hundred skeins each,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

they became a unit of trade, and took the place of currency."

In 1800, one Hiram Hanks of Pennsylvania patented an improved spinning-wheel which he called the "double-hand wheel," and which increased the spinning speed one hundred and forty-five times. In 1824 the Jacquard loom was introduced into Philadelphia.

This fact brings us to the first of three men whose part in the perfecting of commercial silk is truly incalculable.

Of these, Joseph Marie Jacquard should have first place. He was a Frenchman, and his loom (or, more properly, his loom attachment) was devised to eliminate the hardships of the "draw-boys." These boys, in the weaving of fancy silks, were obliged to maintain such constrained and unnatural positions, that their physical break-down was certain and swift. Their duty was to present to each passing of the shuttle such a combination of warp-threads as would gradually bring out the pattern desired. This, requiring human intelligence and foresight, was a difficult duty to be undertaken by a machine, but Jacquard's machine did it, and does it to-day in every fancy-silk mill in America and Europe. In brief, it is accomplished by regulating the presentation of the warp-threads by a series of perforated cards, the cards being brought into use in a defined order, and their perforations having been arranged so as to bring out the pattern. It is exceedingly intricate, but, like some other machines, more than human in accuracy. A square yard of brocade may need 25,000 pattern cards. (See illustration, p. 207.)

Jacquard began work on this device in 1790, and completed it in 1800. Napoleon I. became his patron, and granted him a pension. As in most other mechanical devices which have revolutionized methods of manufacture, the Jacquard loom was bitterly opposed by the very people it was destined to benefit —the weavers themselves. In Lyons the machines were burned in the public market place. But it soon was firmly established everywhere that silk was made, and from that time brocades and figured silks ceased to be the exclusive possession of royalty and wealth.

Next in this trio is Pasteur, the great French scientist and microscopist. Most readers may associate his name entirely with discoveries in problems of purely human hygiene. But he spent many years in the study of silk-worm culture, and it is to the Pasteur system of microscopic examination of the juices and tissues of the mother moth that we owe the great and increasing improvement of the quality of the silk. It is a regulator of the breeding system. The eggs of each moth are kept separately, and if the examination of the moth shows any physical defect, all her eggs are destroyed. The elimination of the imperfect is a slow but certain method of attaining perfection.

Finally, in this important trio, comes John Ryle, aptly and truthfully called "the father of the American silk industry." The strength, nobility, and delicacy of character that go to make up a truly great personality were never, it seems, more symmetrically developed than in this gifted man, who, entering the silk mills of Macclesfield in his native England at the very tenderest working age, felt in a strangely sympathetic manner the power that waited within these dainty, shining, floss-like threads upon which he was to build so much of abiding prosperity for thousands of our own countrymen. As he grew in manhood, what he learned of the natural and acquired power of our country

SCRUTINIZING THE MOTHER MOTH'S PHYSICAL CONDITION.

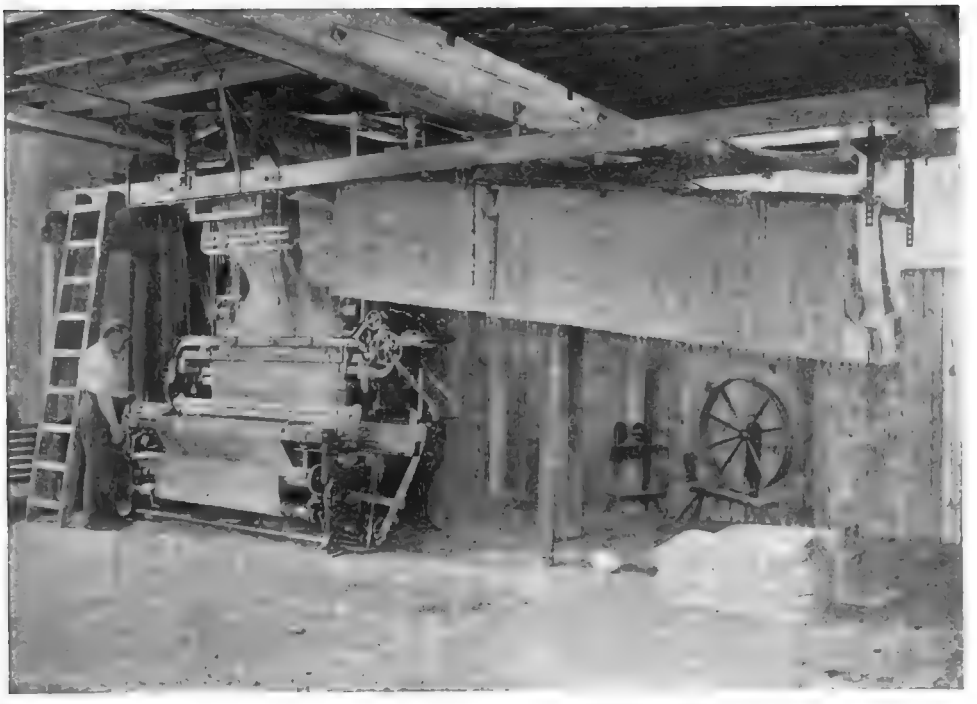
Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

for the symmetric development of the silk industry, led the ambitious and devoted young English workman to establish himself here, first as an employé in the silk works of Samuel Whitmarsh, in Northampton, Mass., and later as co-proprietor with Mr. George W. Murray, of that picturesque and historic old building in Patterson, N. J., the "Old Gun Mill." The wonderful purity of the Paterson streams, one of which passed directly by the Gun Mill, was a great incentive to the young man (who so well knew the value of pure water in the silk business) in settling there. A few pieces of crude and rusty machinery were put in running order in the Gun Mill, and then business began in such earnest as never before here. In a little while Mr. Ryle purchased his partner's interest, and a short time later erected the Murray Mill, only a block or two distant from his first establishment. From the very outset Mr. Ryle's able, energetic, and far-seeing management marked his enterprises with the success that characterizes them to-day. His task was by no means an easy one, among the many difficulties in the way being the then extreme poverty of the American silk market. Once, for example, when Mr. Ryle went to New York to purchase raw material for his mills, only half a bale was to be found, and after his purchase the market was left literally bare. At first the Ryle output consisted of sewing-silk, handkerchiefs, cravat material, etc., but in 1846 the weaving of dress goods was inaugurated here on quite a large scale. The Murray Mill (which Mr. Ryle erected in 1854) was by far the largest and most important silk mill erected in the United States up to that date. With this initiative there are now in the *Silk City* one hundred and fifty silk establishments, with important adjuncts in form of dyeing and finishing works, etc., all in active operation. Very providentially and perfectly Mr. Ryle's work paved the way for the great army of English silk mill employés who, being thrown out of work in their own land by the duty-free admission of French silk goods, took up their abode among us.

The silk industry employé population is very mixed here to-day. There are descendants of the colonially famous Huguenots and Salzburgers, together with excellent operatives from Germany and Switzerland and Italy, and a large number of our own people, whose place for excellence of work and careful manipulation is far toward the head of the list. The average ages of silk establishment employés is from about fourteen to sixty years. The former are mostly the girls employed in the quiet, tidy rooms where ribbons are boxed or rolled with alternating strips of white paper of the same width, as we find them in the piece at the merchant's; the older employés are usually those to whom are entrusted the more critical chemical and mechanical processes; the great bulk of the employés, those from youth to middle age, belong to the corps of cleaners, throwsters, spinners, weavers, and packers. The wages earned by our silk industry employés are exceedingly good, many times reaching $25 to $40 a week.

The machinery with which our mills are provided is the best and speediest in the world, though for the very heaviest and richest grades of silk, and the most regal damasks and satins, the heavy old hand looms are still used both here and in Europe. This old hand loom, which formerly enlivened many a home of our Republic's silk-producing centres with its busy clatter, is one of the most ancient and most widely used pieces of machinery in existence. Almost as we may see it to-day, it was used by the Egyptians and the Persians, and it was a familiar household object in India and China almost four thousand years ago. In the invention of the power loom, the mark set for attainment was "to make the processes of the old hand loom automatic, exact, rapid; to obtain greater tension in the warp; to effect its own gradual unrolling of material, and the rolling up of the woven goods; to drive the shuttle back and forth at the proper time; to properly beat up the tissue; to stop the machine for the introduction of a newly filled bobbin when necessary; and, above all, to accomplish within a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



A JACQUARD LOOM. THE LONG SUCCESSION OF PATTERN CARDS IS SHOWN HANGING FROM THE BEAMS AT THE RIGHT.

given period ten or more times the work of the hand weaver." All this has been perfectly achieved.

As for the colors and tints of our American silks, only the very best and costliest imported dye-stuffs are used in them, and our chemical facilities allow us to keep pace so beautifully with the constantly changing and subtle demands of fashion, that in this, again, we have won the world's appreciative recognition.

"Everything considered, it requires," says one of our great silk authorities, "more labor to build a spool of silk than to build a locomotive." This is especially evidenced in the important *throwing* processes (preparation of raw silk for the loom). When the Japanese, Chinese, and Turkish raw material, that forms the bulk of our raw silk material importation, arrives here, it is mostly soiled, matted, glutinous, so that the processes of the throwing department (which is one of the busiest in the entire silk industry) are many and exacting. First of all, the silk must be carefully *assorted;* then to remove glutin and other impurities it must be *soaked.* After drying it is *spun*, *wound*, and *doubled* (to the required weight), if for tram or filling. If for organzine or warp, after *winding* and its preliminary processes, it must be *spun twice;* first with fourteen turns to the right, and then with sixteen turns to the left; then this thread must be doubled and redoubled as many times as necessary for the desired weight of the goods to be produced, and then each of these augmented threads is spun again, to give it greater strength. After this it must be *reeled* to put back in skein form for dyeing. After the *dyeing* comes another *winding*, and then a *stringing* or *pulling* to soften or polish the threads or fibres that have become roughened by the various other processes to which they have been subjected. After the *organzine* thus prepared has been made into *warp* on warping mills, it is deftly twisted into the loom harness for weaving. But before the weaving begins, every particle of this warp must be most carefully inspected or picked (as this process, which requires great skill, is called), an extremely

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

JOHN RYLE.

delicate little instrument being used by the operator of the loom. After weaving, the goods are calendered by passing over hot metal cylinders. It is in this process that moire or watered effects are produced.

It is estimated that very nearly one-third of our domestic output consists of ribbons. It is, indeed, the ribbon makers who, as a rule, receive the highest wages of all silk employés. Before the introduction of our new high-speed, light-running ribbon loom with automatic "let-off" and every known improvement, ribbon making, which was considered an art industry by itself, created its own guild, whose members were as imperative in their demands as were the members of the powerful guilds that ruled from their halls in the famous old guild squares of Europe. Our modern looms have, however, done away with the imperious extortion of the guild. Being so very easily operated, even young girls may run two such looms each, thus gaining a recompense of from $12 to $15 a week. Our home establishments have produced particularly beautiful results of late in dyeing and printing in the piece, and in printing upon the warp, thus producing the so admired *chené* effect. Marking and folding are done automatically with greatest accuracy.

Next to ribbon manufacture and broad (or web) goods, by far the most important feature of our domestic silk industry is the manufacture of silk threads; hand and machine twist; knitting, crochet, embroidery, and art silks, with their kindred retinue. In this branch of the business our domestic makers have long held first place, so that there is, and has been for several years in it, a *large and constantly increasing exportation* and *no importation*.

We have said that, since we have learned through experiment and otherwise how worse than futile it is to try to outrival nature, the American silk manufacturing industry has become what it is to-day, the greatest in the world. Let us emphasize this statement by a few data and statistics. Mr. Franklin Allen, secretary of the Silk Association of America, estimates the number of silk manufacturing establishments in full operation in the United States in 1899 as 865, these being located in 228 towns of 19 States. First in the order of this location comes New Jersey with 257 of these establishments; then New York with 228; Pennsylvania with 102; Connecti-

A PATERSON STREAM, THE PURITY OF WHICH HAS TENDED TO MAKE THIS NEW JERSEY TOWN THE CENTRE OF THE AMERICAN SILK INDUSTRY.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

cut with 66; Massachusetts with 59, and Rhode Island with 26, the remainder being inconsiderably scattered through the other States. As for the strength of these establishments, a partial general estimate of 861 of them for 1899 is: Number of employés, 93,600; total year's wages, $3,650,000; capital invested, $105,000,000.

Here are two contrasting items whose emphasis is in themselves: For *1850*, the importation of raw material was *120,010 pounds*, valued at *$401,385*; for *1898*, the importation of raw material was *9,979,482 pounds*, valued at *$28,234,650*.

The percentage of domestic goods consumed in home trade was, in *1860*, *13 %*. In *1898* the percentage of home consumption was between *80 %* and *85 %*.

Our comparative consumption of raw material, taking only one of the foreign countries whence we import it—Japan—was, for 1898: *Complete European* purchase of Japanese raw, *19,734* bales; *American* purchase, *37,019* bales.

What a contrast are these figures to those of less than a century and a half ago, when the entire outcome of the garden of silk culture here was *251 pounds* for *twenty-five years*, and the condition that prevailed little more than half a century ago, when John Ryle's purchase of half a bale of raw material left the American silk market bare!

The present splendid attainments of the American silk manufacturing industry powerfully index the productive strength of our land, and show that, here at least, with the wisdom to gather from the best foreign markets whatever primary or necessary material the natural economy of our country may not provide, together with those industrial factors with which it has so richly endowed us, beautifully blending them by means of our vast balance of ambitious labor and our great industrial and scientific educational opportunities, "*Au cœur vaillant, rien d'impossible!*"

THE PASSING OF LOVE.

THE sweet surprise and rapture of a kiss
That, for the first time, thrills the very soul
And permeates the being with vague bliss,
Doth herald Love's arrival at his goal.

A joy so full it is close kin to pain,
A constant longing carried in the heart,
A pang like death when absence rends the twain
Who know but keenest sorrow when apart.

Then, consummation of Love's dearest hope,
Two souls as one together to abide;
The music of the spheres they each evoke,
In deep contentment dwelling side by side.

And then, alas! the slow but fatal ebb
That follows on the flow of ev'ry wave,
The lethargy that thralls within the web,
And, after that—oh speak it low—
Love's grave!

LANDIS AYR.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE P. and O. steamship *Australia* churned her way through the Red Sea, and every frequenter of the smoking-room had long ago agreed that Major Clendon was a rattling good story-teller.

"Boys, the limit's reached," he cried, throwing down his cards. "Learn wisdom from a fool—never more that five-and-twenty in one evening. I've lost that, and I guess I'll sign off."

"Stake that diamond pin, Major; that's worth another night's losses."

"I just reckon it is," he answered, his fingers caressing the stone in his loose silk tie; "but I wouldn't sell it for five hundred. It was a present from a remarkably clever little woman, remarkably clever. Whew! isn't it hot? Come on deck, and I'll spin the yarn. She was the cleverest little woman who ever trod shoe-leather," he continued, as we settled ourselves comfortably in our chairs. "Even tricked *me;*" and we marvelled as much as the temperature would permit—for it was a new idea to think that the Major ever could have been tricked—placidly puffed our cigars, and waited.

"Look here, Ashton, my boy, when a young, popular, and fascinating comic-opera star loses her diamonds, how do you account for it?"

"Advertisement," Ashton replied in a tone that implored some one to ask him something just a trifle more difficult.

"Exactly—advertisement. Two years ago or thereabouts I came to the same conclusion. You remember Miss Stella Deane? Made an enormous success in 'The Parisian Belle.' Charming woman, lovely voice, perfect figure, and the face of a goddess. New York went mad over her; simply raving, tearing mad. At a bound she reached the acme of woman's glory. Soap manufacturers begged on their knees for testimonials that 'she used no other,' while perfumers were almost driven to distraction, though indulging in wild dreams of the fortune that must pour into their coffers if she would only say that she preferred their triple extract of this or that to any other scent. Everything was named after her—bonnets, bows, shoes, parasols. She had reached the pinnacle of glory; but what did the silly little woman do?"

"Got married," some one suggested from behind the smoke of a big cigar.

Major Clendon drank off a four-finger tot before answering his own question, and then in a solemn whisper continued, "Lost her diamonds. This woman, who was right there, on the tip-top, played that old fossilized wheeze, and announced in the papers that she had been robbed. Brougham run into by a fire escape, or something of that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

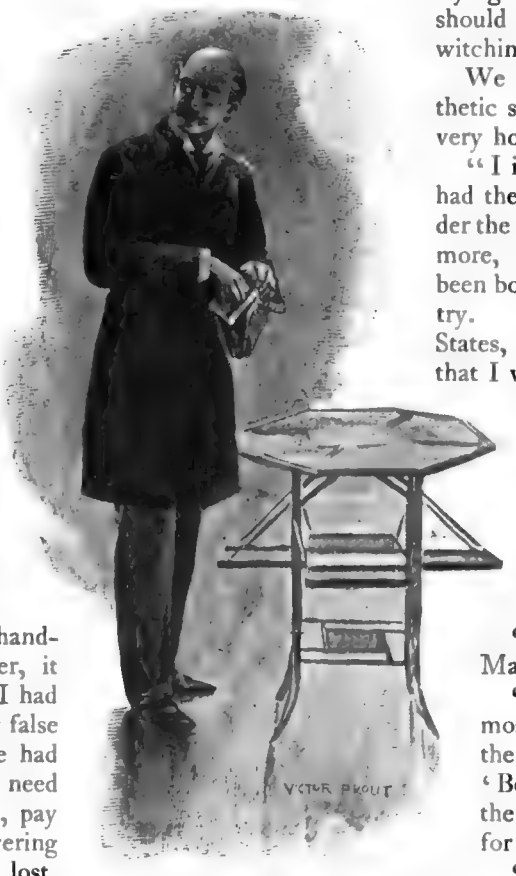
sort. I forget the details. Hey, presto, gone! One hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and $10,000 reward."

Every one breathed an appreciative sigh; the yarn promised to be interesting.

"I had a flat in those days, and she was staying in the same Mansions."

"The long arm of coincidence is upon us," the youth with the cigarette ejaculated.

"I at once thought as Mr. Ashton does," the Major imperturbably continued, "that it was a ridiculous advertisement; but at the same time it appeared to me that if she had not lost them, and yet I regained them for her, it would be $10,000 easily earned. If she had not lost them, I could not be accused of stealing them. Equally, if I handed them back to her, it could not be said that I had obtained money under false pretences, because she had never lost them, and need not, unless she chose, pay me a reward for recovering what had not been lost. You see the deal was square. Well, thinking as I did, I at once took steps to recover what, in my opinion, was lost, and—I—er—searched the lady's flat."



"THE BAG WAS FILLED WITH THE USUAL FEMININE ODDS AND ENDS."

There were two long-drawn sighs. Two men, if it had been anywhere else but the Red Sea, where it was too hot to raise arguments, would have ventured an opinion.

"Couldn't find them anywhere, and I almost began to think that perhaps they had been stolen, after all. In fact, quite candidly, I was in considerable doubt, until I saw in the evening papers that the police had a clue, and that reassured me that they hadn't. Then the idea struck me that perhaps I had better call and see Miss Deane herself. It seemed more straightforward. I tell you frankly, boys, I never met a more charming woman in my life. Had I not known that she was trying to deceive us all, I should have called her bewitching."

We all sighed, a sympathetic symphony. It was a very hot night.

"I informed her that I had the honor to reside under the same roof, and, even more, the honor to have been born in the same country. She was from the States, you know. I added that I was a bit of a crank in the detective line, had my own theories and my own little methods, and I had determined to recover the diamonds for her.

"And she agreed, Major?"

"Well, yes. In the most musical voice in the world she asked, 'Because we are from the States, Major, or for the $10,000?'"

"She was cute."

"She was from the States, dear boy. Well, we settled that I should trace them if I could, and she should pay me if I succeeded. And, my gracious! the way her eyes sparkled with merriment when we made the compact. I felt like taking her in my arms right way, and dancing through the world, straight into heaven. Well, next morning I went to her flat again, found the diamonds, and——"

"Here, half a minute, Major, let's fol-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

low it a bit. Don't rush along, we're in no hurry; it's only just gone five bells."

"But it isn't the point of the story, old chap."

"Maybe not; but we would like to know how you—well, to use your own delicate expression—*found* the diamonds."

"Well, it's quite simple. Miss Deane always carried about with her a green Russian leather handbag, and while she was engaged with her maid, I indulged in the liberty of taking it in my hand."

"Ah! found it heavy, and the diamonds were discovered," Ashton superciliously interjected.

"The next man who interrupts my story I'll fine him drinks round," the Major announced emphatically. "The bag was not heavy, and the diamonds were not found, because, as I have explained so often, they were never lost. The bag was filled with the usual feminine odds and ends one would expect to find in it—purse, powder-puff, and fifty-and-one other things—but in the inside pocket was the key of a small safe. That safe I had noticed on my first and unannounced visit was in the bedroom, and therefore the jewels which were never lost were securely under lock and key. Well, I obtained the key of the safe——"

"Major, you've been already requested not to slur over the quintessence of your reminiscence. Don't be bashful. How did you get the key?"

"I didn't get it at all. I simply noticed the name of the maker of the safe stamped upon the key, and that was sufficient. For a few days I made a point of calling at Miss Deane's flat when I knew she was at the theatre, and on her return told her of mysterious clues that I had discovered, until I became a frequent, an acknowledged, and, I am proud to say, a welcome visitor. Then one morning I looked in upon the makers of the safe, and, informing them that the keys had been lost, made an appointment for one of their men to call at nine o'clock sharp the same evening and attempt to open it."

"Well, I call that sheer robbery," Ashton jerked out, and we waited an explosion.

It was a very hot night, and the Major merely broke the pause that followed by asking languidly, "Of what—her diamonds? Why, they had been stolen already."

"But——"

"There's no but. You can't steal from a woman what she hasn't got."

"But she had got them."

"Of course she had, but I didn't steal them. They were in her room when first I called upon her, and still there when I said good-by for the last time. Well, the skilled mechanic from the safe people called and asked for Major Clendon, and, naturally, I was on the spot. He had a score or so of master keys with him that perhaps might fit; if not, the safe must be forced. One did fit, and he at my request left it with me until duplicates could be made. Just as I expected, the diamonds were there, nice and snug in their velvet nests, and after I had seen him out, I placed the cases in my pocket, relocked the safe, and sent a telegram to Miss Deane at the theatre, telling her that her diamonds had been recovered, that I had them and was awaiting her return.

"Well, you can guess the lady didn't waste time after the show was over, and you can guess, too, that she arrived in a state of delicious perplexity. When a girl pretends she's lost her diamonds, having them all the time locked up in a modern safe, and then gets a wire saying that some one has recovered them for her, it's calculated to make her just a little curious as to how things are going to turn out.

"It was a chilly evening, and when she entered the room, dressed in about the finest furs to be bought, her face aglow, her lips all smiles, and her eyes dancing with excitement, why, hang it all, I felt inclined to give her back her diamonds and go down on my knees for forgiveness."

We all sighed and blew a cloud of smoke. The mental vision of the Major on his knees was too affecting.

"But you were not so weak, Major?"

"No; I resisted the temptation, helped her to remove her sables, drew a comfortable chair up to the fire for her, took one

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"'I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'VE THE FAINTEST CLUE TO MY DIAMONDS,' SHE SAID."

opposite myself, and was lost in the contemplation of the daintiest little shoe in the world, perched upon the edge of the fender.''

"'Major,' she cried, with a laugh, 'I believe you're getting a joke on me.'

"'My dear Miss Deane,' I expostulated.

"'I don't believe you've the faintest clue to my diamonds, and you've simply coaxed me home early because you had no one to talk to.'

"'It's very ungallant to have to admit it, but that is not the truth. I know where your diamonds are.'

"'Indeed!' she cried with a tinge of annoyance in her voice. 'Where?'

"'In my pocket.'

"She sat back and laughed, a quiet laugh of enjoyment, the laugh one indulges in when one has the cream of a joke all to oneself; and I had to laugh too, because, hang it all, it *was* amusing.

"'I traced them,' I continued, 'got them from the man who had stolen them, and here they are.'

"I placed the cases upon a little table by her side, and opened them, and she, with a cry of astonishment, gazed at the stones for a moment, and then laughed until I thought she'd never stop.

"'Major,' she cried, 'if you're not very careful you'll get yourself into trouble. You've gone and threatened some one into

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

handing diamonds over to you, but, you dear silly man, they're not mine. Take them back, now do. Fancy if they caught you, and put you into a nasty convict's yellow; be dense, but I'll be hanged if I know what you're laughing at.'

"'Why, you silly fellow,' she answered, 'I have not lost my diamonds at all. It

"HAVE IT MOUNTED FOR MY SAKE," SHE SAID SWEETLY.

why, I should die of shame when I called on visiting days.'"

"Keen sense of humor that little girl had," some one muttered approvingly.

"Rather prophetic, too, bless her. What did you do, Major?"

"I said, 'My dear Miss Deane, I may was only done for advertisement. They're locked up in my safe. I'll show them to you.'

"With another ripple of laughter, she flitted into the adjoining room, and then I caught a light cry of amazement, and she stood looking at me from the doorway.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"'My diamonds have been stolen,' she exclaimed, walking towards me.

"'So I have always understood.'

"'They were stolen to-day—to-night.'

"'Then your newspaper paragraphs were a bit previous, eh?' I ventured to suggest. 'What a mercy it is I have been able to regain them for you!'

"'And if I refuse to pay you, what then?'

"'You cannot refuse to pay a reward you deliberately offered. That the diamonds were stolen since does not affect the question, for you gave me the commission to recover them for you. The pretty little advertisement trick, I fancy, you would rather was never mentioned.'

"She walked quietly to an *escritoire* in the corner of the room, and took out her check-book. 'Ten thousand, is it not?'

"I nodded, and she rapidly wrote the check and passed it to me.

"'The diamonds are yours,' I said, and took up my hat.

"'Sit down,' she cried, a smile breaking through the seriousness that had overspread her features as she wrote the check. 'Business is over, and we don't allow business to interfere with pleasure. Just let me see if my balance is sufficient. You wouldn't care for my check to be dishonored, would you, Major? The idea is a bit too homœopathic, isn't it?'"

"Be the holy saints," Second Officer Riley ejaculated, "she'd got a gifted tongue!"

"'She was a gifted woman altogether,' the Major responded with boundless admiration. 'Two thousand five hundred and twelve dollars,' she added, consulting her pass-book.

"'In addition to the $10,000,' I suggested.

"'No, that's the whole balance,' she answered, with a pathetic sigh. 'I'm afraid I'm terribly extravagant. I've just paid $1,000 for my furs.'"

Six men stopped puffing at their cigars, and the youth with the cigarette nearly swallowed it in his surprise. Then a chuckle ran round, and some one murmured, "It's great."

"'Yes,' she repeated, 'I know I'm terribly extravagant; but you shall not suffer, Major.'

"She lifted the diamonds from their velvet cases—two necklaces, three or four stars, and half a dozen rings—and placed them in my hands.

"'Take them, Major,' she said demurely, 'take them for your trouble. They're only paste.'"

The chuckle spread to a grin, the grin into a roar, and the group of seven, for the Major seemed to enjoy the joke also, roared until every one was compelled to mop his face and gasp for breath. It was a very hot night.

"'You silly man,' she cried, laughing again, 'you thought you were so smart. You discovered the story of the robbery was only a harmless, necessary advertisement; but it did not dawn upon you that I could scarcely afford to sink $150,000, even if I could ever have earned such a sum, in unproductive jewels. Put them in your pocket—I expect they'll realize about $250—and say good night.'

"She walked towards the door and I followed her, holding the jewels in my hand.

"'Good-night, Major. To-morrow I shall be telling the funniest story of the year, and I'm indebted to you for it. Fancy all your trouble for nothing,' and her eyes sparkled and danced like the diamonds themselves.

"'Don't laugh at a fellow,' I said meekly.

"'No, he mustn't be laughed at,' she cried.

"'Good-night.'

"'Take them,' I pleaded, holding them out to her.

"'Not for worlds,' she protested. 'You must have some reward for your trouble. Oh, dear! I can see you walking all over the city trying to get a proper price for them.'

"'Oh, don't be so heartless!' I retorted, grinning in spite of myself. 'Now be a good girl—stop laughing, and take them back as a favor to me.'

"'Well, I think if I do, I must really send a paragraph to the papers to-morrow,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

saying Major Clendon has presented Miss Stella Deane with a new $150,000 set of brilliants.'

"'Oh, don't chaff, you little terror; say good-night.'

"She took the jewels from me, and flung them upon the table, shook my hand, and then, still laughing, caught up one of the necklaces, and pulled the smallest stone off, with the fastening.

"'Have it mounted for my sake,' she said sweetly, 'just as a souvenir; wear paste as I do, Major. Good-night,' and she shut the door behind me. She was the cleverest woman who ever walked."

"I quite agree with you, Major, she was," said one of the listeners, rising and throwing the end of his cigar over the side.

We all followed his example, for it was getting late.

"Good-night, Major, I'm glad she did you."

"Good-night, Major. Good-night, old chap."

"Good-night, old fellow."

"I say, boys," the Major remarked quietly, "don't you want to hear the end of the yarn?"

"What! is there more?"

"Just a trifle; you may as well hear it; it gives a finishing touch."

"Right you are. Go on."

"I did have the diamond mounted, and I wear it now in my scarf."

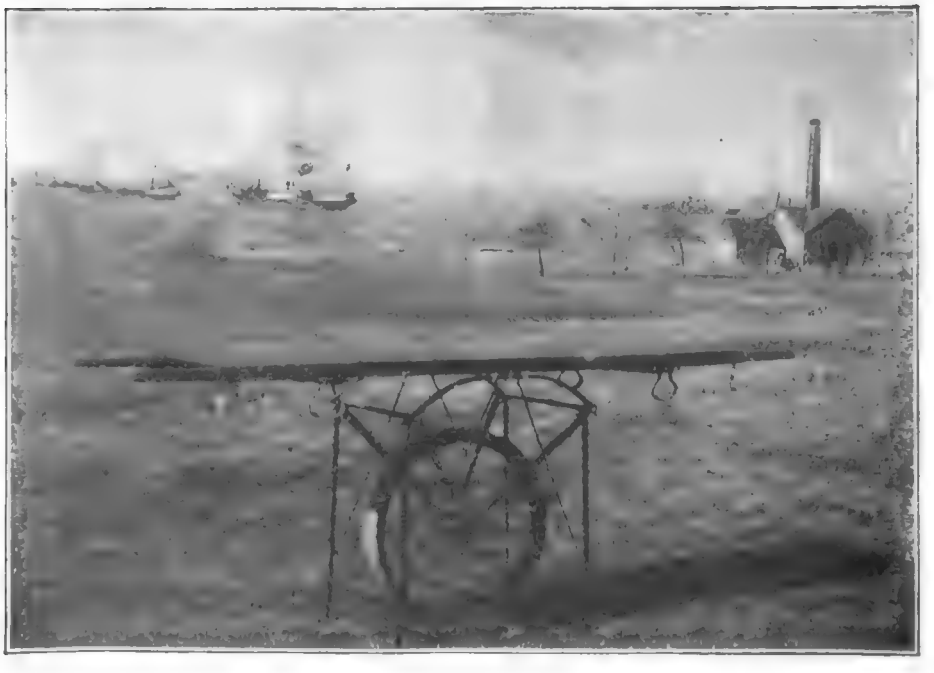
"Well, we guessed that, of course."

"Yes, I honor the lady's whim and wear it as a souvenir," the Major reflectively continued; "it's a brilliant of the first water, and worth $150."

"What? Then the others were——"

"All genuine, my boy, every one of them, and worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. She spoofed me dead. Good-night, boys."

A NEW ARMY AMBULANCE STRETCHER.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THIS MAN, DRESSED LIKE "UNCLE SAM," GATHERS A CROWD AND THEN DISPLAYS AN ADVERTISING PLACARD.

THERE seems to be no limit to the ingenious schemes of the Yankee business man to advertise his wares, and the countryman or foreigner who finds himself on Broadway, New York, or State Street, Chicago, meets with a good deal to excite his wonder. While there appears to be no drop in the number of whole-page advertisements in the monthly magazines and daily newspapers, and while there is scarcely a historic spot or famous haunt on earth without its immense signboard about somebody's pills or anybody's soap, the advertising people pay huge sums of money for still newer avenues for a "business-fetching ad.," while keeping up their unstinted usage of the old mediums. The latest of these newer schemes is the "living sign."

Described generally, the "living sign" is a person who, while walking about the streets like an ordinary citizen, does something unusual to attract the attention of a large crowd, and then suddenly pulls out a banner containing advice about Smith's cigars being the best on earth. Of course everybody laughs at his being "taken in" so cleverly, so that, while on the face of it one would think that making a fool of a man is a bad way to try to win his patronage, the living sign has the desired effect; for the striking scene is sure to induce the spectators to tell their friends all about it when they reach their offices or their homes.

A few months before this was written, the living sign was an unknown quantity—unless one includes the time-out-of-mind "sandwich men." To-day, however, nearly every large soap-making firm, patent-medicine manufacturer, cigar and shirt maker of New York has one or more living signs constantly parading the streets, and there is scarcely any line of business in which at least one firm has not put forward its living advertisement.

One of the pioneers of the living signs is that of a tailor who has a neat delivery wagon made in the shape of a huge Saxe coat, inside of which the driver sits, his legs, hands, and head projecting, giving him the appearance of being an enormously fat man, weighing fully a quarter of a ton. To make the affair more striking, it is

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hauled through the streets by two very small ponies.

Next came a soap manufacturer with a dozen large wax dolls of about the size of a sixteen-year-old girl. Each doll was attired in a red bloomer costume, mounted upon the front seat of a new nickel tandem bicycle, and then driven continuously about the crowded streets by a smart-looking "district messenger boy" in full uniform. Looking at each pair from the rear, the sight, though amusing, appears innocent enough; but the moment the face of the doll is seen, there glares upon the sight a legend, written across the doll's bonnet, informing the spectators that "Somebody's Soap is the best, positively."

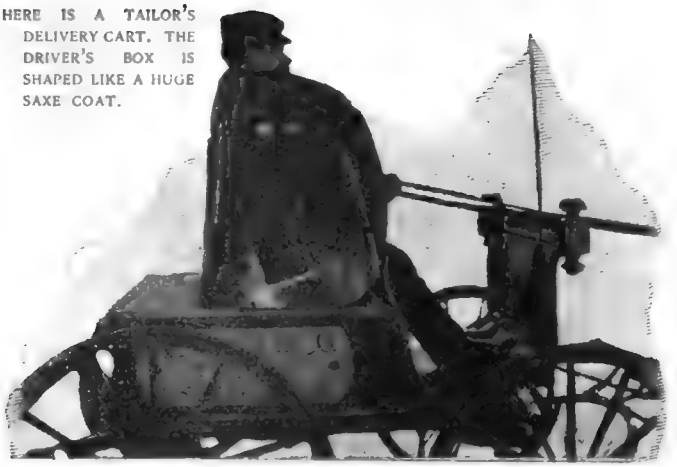
A BOY DRESSED IN A COURT COSTUME OF GREEN VELVET AND WHITE LACE, TO ADVERTISE A PERFUME.

Other soap people at once took the hint, and then the patent-medicine owners joined in the procession. One of the latter had a bottle made of wood, 15 feet high, in the exact shape of the small glass bottle in which his medicine is sold, and then the wooden bottle was mounted upon the rear of a small wagon and driven through the most crowded streets. Every now and again the bottle pauses, its sides open up, and the crowd which quickly gathers is invited to sample the new drug.

The wide-awake management of a steamboat route was the next to see the point, and forthwith there appeared upon the streets a miniature steamboat, 40 feet long, mounted upon a broad wagon, over which had first been

A MALE AND FEMALE RUSTIC WALK ABOUT THE STREETS. THEY APPEAR AMAZED AT THE HIGH BUILDINGS, AND WHEN AN AMUSED CROWD HAS GATHERED, THEY DISPLAY A CIGAR ADVERTISEMENT.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



HERE IS A TAILOR'S DELIVERY CART. THE DRIVER'S BOX IS SHAPED LIKE A HUGE SAXE COAT.

painted an ocean, the "briny blue" being livened up by a black-lettered announcement of the hours of departure for the boat.

After this the living sign became general to all lines of business, and there was no keeping account of the number and variety of those along even Broadway alone. To have men attired like "Uncle Sam" do something queer after gathering a large crowd became the favorite mode then, and so it has continued until now. What these numerous "Uncle Sams" do may be imagined from two instances: a handsome young man dressed in clothing of the pattern and color of the Stars and Stripes wanders about a shopping thoroughfare, gazing into the windows as though unconscious of his extraordinary garb. A host of small boys gathers about him; women stare through their lorgnettes and ask each other if the man is mad.

As he gives no indication of being about to tear any one to pieces, the crowd stand still, wondering what is going to happen to him. The queerly garbed man maintains a perfectly calm, unconscious bearing until several thousands of people have gathered. Then he suddenly mounts a wagon or the driver's box on a cab, and shouts in picturesque language the advantages the spectators will derive by doing their shopping at Bargain's Auction Sales, "just a few yards farther down the street."

Another "Uncle Sam," attired in practically the same fashion as the one just described, gathers a large crowd by vigorously kicking a dummy man dressed in the costume of a Spanish toreador. The sentiment of the people is, of course, with Uncle Sam, and thousands of people stop and shout their approval; but when the plaudits are in full blast, Uncle Sam suddenly becomes calm, drops the dummy, and, pulling out a banner, displays to the crowd the words, "Buy McFadden's Corsets—they ain't Spanish."

Another amusing "Uncle Sam" is an extremely fat and extremely black negro,

THIS LARGE WAX DOLL IS DRIVEN ABOUT THE STREETS UPON A BRIGHT NICKEL TANDEM BY A UNIFORMED MESSENGER BOY TO ADVERTISE A SOAP.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

who shouts the glories of a particular brand of ostrich feathers. Some of these living sign persons induce so much trade that competition among business men for the possession of this or that living sign man is quite keen, and the frequent result is that to-day a certain living sign may be advertising one sort of corset, and the next day be advertising another sort made by a different firm—the living sign having received an offer of higher wages in the meanwhile. Frequently, too, as in the case of the fat black "Uncle Sam," one day a certain living sign may be advertising a coming temperance lecture, and a day or two afterwards be calling attention to the merits of a particular sort of whiskey.

THIS MAN, MOUNTED UPON AN EXTREMELY HIGH BICYCLE, TURNS SOMERSAULTS IN THE AIR AND DOES OTHER DARING ACROBATIC FEATS TO ADVERTISE A NEW CIGAR.

HERE IS A MINIATURE STEAMBOAT, FORTY FEET LONG, WHICH IS DRAGGED THROUGH THE STREETS TO ADVERTISE A CHEAP SEA-TRIP.

Even publishers take advantage of the living sign nowadays. A short time ago a big New York paper (the *World*) hired 200 men, dressed them in the white uniform worn by the sailors on American war vessels, and sent them through the streets behind a brass band, each man having printed on the back of his white coat one large black letter of an announcement dwelling upon the excellence of the forthcoming naval issue of that newspaper.

Another publisher's living sign, and one that is equally as ingenious, without the disadvantage of great cost, is a handsome carriage drawn slowly through the streets, by a pair of black horses, the carriage containing a negro man and woman neatly attired in the fashionable garb of a bride and groom upon their honeymoon. A banner tied to the sides of the wagon contains the information that he is "crazy with happiness because he is married," or words to that effect, the words used being the title of a new negro song.

A pretty woman in close-fitting velvet trousers trimmed with lace, and riding man-fashion across a prancing horse's back, making an effective, if incongruous, advertisement for a hat shop; a tall man dressed in the height of fashion, with a legend on his shirt front to advertise a new brand of shirt; and a handsome boy attired in complete Louis XIV. court costume—green velvet, silk hose, silver buckles, etc. —to advertise a new French perfume, are

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a few more random examples.

But the class of merchants who seem to spend most effort upon the living signs are the people who make cigars. One of them has as many as half a dozen sorts of living signs constantly at work, thus furnishing rather convincing evidence that the scheme pays its employer. There is, perhaps, not a single big cigar factory in New York that has not at least one of these living signs in some part of the city.

A HUMAN BARBER'S POLE.

One of the most ingenious of the X cigar signs is that of a "hayseed," dressed in new but very baggy trousers and a linen duster, carrying the proverbial faded, baggy umbrella and carpet-bag, and a large red handkerchief with white dots around his neck, who walks up a crowded street with his harmoniously attired wife clinging to his arm in well-feigned half fear. Both chew wisps of hay assiduously, and pause at every corner to wonder at the tall office buildings. They shout all sorts of inquiries to the policeman across the street, a big crowd at once gathers, the hayseed says something to the policeman about "a man with a gold brick," and the crowd never suspects anything is wrong until suddenly the woman opens out her fan and discloses the advertisement of a new cigar. Her companion then opens his bag and hands round some samples.

THIS GIANT, TWENTY FEET HIGH, WALKS ABOUT THE STREETS AND HANDS SAMPLE CIGARS TO PEOPLE IN THE UPPER WINDOWS OF HOUSES.

Some idea of the complicated nature of some of the devices used by the living-sign men can be inferred from a description of the "Brownie" head scheme. A gigantic head made of *papier-maché* is fitted over the shoulders of a lean, short man, and through the lips of the "Brownie" is thrust

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a cigar, also made of *papier-maché*. This cigar is as long as the height of an average tall man, and about 12 inches thick in the centre. The head seems to take a deep inhalation, the end of the cigar (made of asbestos) glows red, and then resumes its ashes' color, while a stream of smoke pours out of the Brownie's mouth. The red color is given to the asbestos by the burning of an inclosed storage battery in a red incandescent globe hidden within the tip of the cigar, and the cloud of what appears to be tobacco smoke is made by the man inside burning some chemicals and blowing out the smoke.

A DUDE, DRESSED IN WHITE, ATTENDED BY THREE UNIFORMED BOYS, A PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND A NEGRO VALET, ADVERTISES A CIGAR BY WALKING ABOUT THE STREETS.

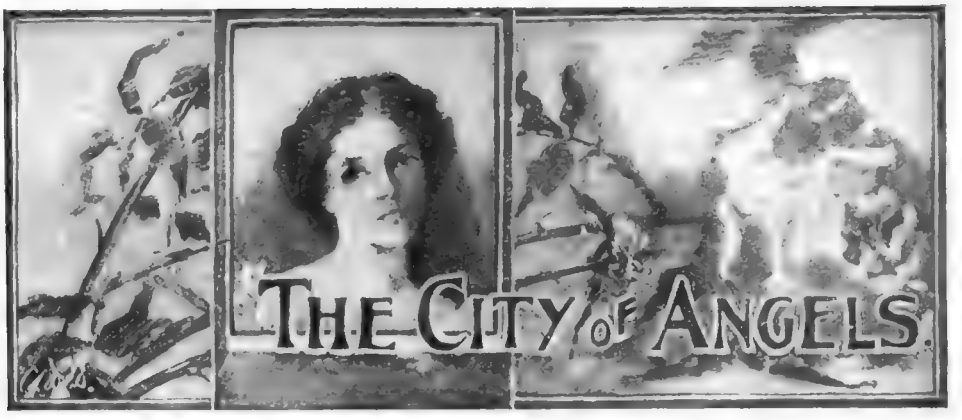
It must not be supposed that these living-sign persons are merely a sort of "sandwich man," to be treated and paid for at anything like the same price as those old-timers. Many of them are people who command big salaries on the vaudeville stage, which they have left because they could make treble the money as living signs. Of this class is the "Giant," a man apparently 20 feet tall, who walks about the streets handing in sample cigars to people in second and third-story windows, and the "Giraffe Wheelman," who, on top of a 10-foot wheel, does all sorts of acrobatic feats to call attention to the excellence of his employer's tobacco—the former being known upon the stage as a famous stilt walker, and the latter as an equally famous trick bicyclist.

Some uncommonly well educated men have gone into the business of being living signs, for two or three that I have talked with have given me proof of their being college graduates. A sample of the latter's work is seen in the accompanying picture of the dude and the valet. The college man, dressed in white silk from ankle to the top of his head, and ornamented with many diamond rings, and a cane trimmed with white ribbons, walks about the streets with an accentuated "Chappie" stride. He is followed at a short distance by a negro valet, dressed in flaming red, who carries a dress-suit case, which, when opened in the face of the gathering crowd, tells of the delightful sensation to be derived from smoking a certain brand of new cigar. To make the living sign more effective, three uniformed messenger boys, with a private detective, are added to the party whenever the dude attends the races or a ball game.

Where this living-sign craze will end would be a hard question to answer correctly, for even the living signs themselves say they "have only broke the ice" (to quote the words of a "human barber-pole").

One prophecy that seems plausible, however, is that before long we may have free circuses, free musicales, and even free theatres, indoors as well as out, to call attention to the excellence of this or that brand of pills.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



By J. R. Creed.

"It is a pity," I said to the head waiter, "that every hotel in this country does not have a professional host. Now at the Coronado——"

"But, sir," he said with the barest shrug of his shoulders, "if there is any one that you wish to know——"

He ran his eyes over the room (the rascal was connoisseur) and bent over my chair.

"Mademoiselle is living here," he said, looking not a great way off. "I will, if you wish, put you at the same table to-night. A pretty face, sir; a fine figure too."

"Devilish fine," I thought. However, I put on an air of indifference.

"You need not trouble," I said, stroking my mustache and scrutinizing the wine-list. "It is nothing to me where I sit."

"Of course not, sir."

Long-stemmed roses, delicate coral-colored flowers of exquisite perfume decorated the little tables, with their spotless cloths and bright silver. A dish piled with the reddest and largest strawberries I had ever seen stood before me, and this when it wanted but four days to Christmas.

"The City of the Angels," I mused. "The name is well chosen." Los Angeles certainly had its advantages over New York.

I had spoken, I suppose aloud, for the head waiter bent over me again.

"The City of the Queen of Angels, it used to be called, sir," he said, and once more looked meaningly across the room.

Over the tops of the flowers a pair of dancing black eyes met mine and instantly dropped again, slowly, irritatingly, finally. I studied the girl's face for a moment. The whiteness of the skin, the soft coloring of the cheeks, the arched eyebrows, had something deliciously Old World about them.

The brown hair was parted in the middle, as one may see in the pictures of the beauties of the eighteenth century, but most of all it was the sweet, laughing mouth which led me to do the rash act which was destined afterwards to make Los Angeles a name which goaded me each time I heard it mentioned.

The waiter was away fetching my wine, and I got up and passed close to her table, ostensibly to take a glance at the grand view of hill and mountain which made a charming background to the city. As I passed, I dropped a lady's handkerchief (how it came into my possession, I cannot surmise) almost at her feet, but with some skill that I conceived prevented her from noticing the act.

I remained at the window for some time, and then turned leisurely back. The handkerchief was still lying where I had dropped it unobserved. So I picked it up, and bowing slightly, presented it to the owner of that laughing mouth which had enraptured me.

"I think," I said, "you have dropped your handkerchief."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"IT'S A LADY'S HANDKERCHIEF," I CRIED.

"Oh, thank you ever so much," said she. And then she looked at it and seemed to have some doubts, and felt in her pocket.

"It is not mine," she said. She glanced round and saw no other lady near. "Well, that's curious," she added.

"It must be yours," I said emphatically.

"But it isn't. I'm sure it isn't," said she. Her eyes were flashing at mine bewilderingly. "Don't you think you dropped it yourself."

I looked horrified and a little bit injured.

"It's a lady's handkerchief," I cried. "Surely you don't suppose——"

"Oh, you're English," she said delightedly, cutting my sentence short. "I guessed so the first minute you came into the room. You can't bluff an American girl like that. I saw you drop it, you know, and if it isn't yours, whose is it?"

I felt foolish, but it was no good looking so.

"I don't know," I said truthfully. "I haven't the least idea."

I shifted the conversation.

"You live in Los Angeles?" I asked.

She nodded her pretty head, still laughing at my dilemma.

"And you?" she queried. "How do you like the wild West?"

"To me it has only seemed wild as the primrose is wild," I said.

There was no excuse to stay longer. I bowed amiably and went back to my wine and dessert. But after dinner that night we found ourselves together in the hall, and for several nights following.

Once when the conversation was reaching rather a critical point, Georgie (we had reached that stage some time) was called up on the telephone. The peremptoriness of telephones has always been a source of annoyance to me.

"It's Elalaine Murray," she said (I hadn't the least idea who Elalaine Murray might be), "and she wants me to go up to her place to-night. I told her I was going to bring you with me, and she was delighted. I'll go and get ready.

"Elalaine is the prettiest woman in the city," Georgie informed me, her eyes fixed straight in front of her.

"I don't doubt it, if our hotel is in the suburbs," said I.

"You spoil yourself by being so ridiculous," said she.

It certainly was ridiculous, but I hadn't seen Elalaine Murray then. Directly that piece of good luck came to me, I shifted the association in my mind with the City of the Queen of Angels from Georgie to Elalaine. It is often like this when you are travelling about and constantly meeting new people. Georgie, however, did not like it.

The three of us played poker that evening at two cents a dozen. I sat opposite to my hostess, and more than once I thought I had four queens in my hand, and when the cards were shown down there were only three. She had beautiful auburn hair and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

blue eyes; her features were quite straight, and her chin squarely sculptured. It was rather an impassive face, and her laughter lay chiefly in her eyes, but the bare fact of being in the same room with her made you gay.

We played on and on, stopping every now and then to lean back in our chairs and talk. Elalaine (I like to call her by that name best)—Elalaine and I were hitting it off admirably, but Georgie seemed rather silent. I believe she did not look in my direction once, but I did not notice.

All too soon the villainous clock on the mantel-piece struck eleven. Georgie glanced at me (it was rather an angry glance, I thought), and rose from her chair.

"We must be going, dear," she said (she was speaking to Elalaine). "It has been such a delightful evening."

"Going!" cried Elalaine, with a little ring of consternation. "But I asked you to spend the night. Surely you needn't go?"

It seemed that her husband had gone out to some dance and had proposed sleeping with his friends, and that she did not want to be left alone. Georgie, however, insisted that she could not stay.

"Mamma made me promise to be back by eleven," she said. "I guess the elevator will have stooped running already, and I hate climbing up those horrid stairs."

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER?" SHE ASKED SUDDENLY.

"Then Duncan will have to come home," observed Elalaine. "He won't like it; but if you are sure you mustn't stay, of course——"

I looked at Georgie as much as to say: "Don't be selfish; can't you see what a lot of trouble you are causing?" But she only tossed her head. I believe she was doing it on purpose. Elalaine went outside to the telephone and began calling up her husband.

Georgie looked sulky, and said nothing to me. Five hours before such treatment would have driven me to despair, but under the circumstances I was indifferent. It has never been my way to have two women in mind at once.

"Well?" I said at last. The silence was a little bit marked. Georgie sat down on the sofa and began pulling on her gloves.

"What do you think of her?" she said suddenly, her eyes on the door. I remembered that she was Georgie's friend, and that she had described her as the prettiest woman in the city.

"She is the most charming woman I have ever met," I cried rapturously. "I cannot thank you enough for bringing me."

"I don't think you have had very much experience with women," she said.

"Very little," I said, because I thought I had had a great deal. "Why?"

"Because it is not usual when you are with one girl to talk like that about an-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

other," said she. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes flashing.

"You asked me," I said stupidly. "She doesn't give you the impression of being afraid to be left alone, does she?" I added. I think I had Elalaine on the brain.

"It seems hard she should have to drag her husband back. He won't like it. 'Pon my word, I think you ought to stop if you can, Georgie."

"Really," said she, "a woman of Elalaine Murray's age ought to be able to take care of herself. I prefer to be called Miss Mayland," she added.

"Very well, Miss Mayland," said I.

Fortunately, Elalaine came back at that moment.

"I cannot bear to be left alone in this house," she explained, helping Georgie on with her coat and kissing her affectionately. "When the servants have gone to bed, one feels so lonely and helpless, and since the rush to the Randsburg mines began the place has been filled with roughs."

"Mr. Murray is coming back?" I asked, holding out my hand.

"Not till three or four, I'm afraid," she said. She looked nervous and a little bit white about the lips. It was on my tongue to suggest that I might stop till his return, but a certain difficulty about the choice of words, and also Georgie's presence, prevented me from doing so. But I went rather reluctantly, cursing my want of courage, and when at the garden gate Georgie discovered her muff had been left behind, I went back with alacrity.

I had some hesitation about knocking at the door. Knowing we had gone and that her husband could not have returned, Elalaine would naturally be terrified.

She threw open the door, however, boldly enough, though her face was deathly white, and I could see she was breathing hard. I went in for a moment, found the muff, shook hands again, and, since Georgie was out of earshot, I said half jocularly:

"I will come back and sit on the doorstep till your husband returns if you like."

"I think we might give you a chair in the hall," she said with a bright flash from her eyes. Now, whether she meant it or not, I do not know, but I scrambled Georgie off my hands at the hotel door and took the first car back. Late as it was, the sidewalks were still crowded with people, and every seat on the car was filled. Two people sitting next to me were talking.

"I am sorry for her," said one of them. "Every one likes her, but the husband's a devil."

"He's handy with his gun," said the other rather enviously. "I was down there at the bottom of Fourth Street at election time when Jim Blane shot him just beside the eye. He dropped down on his knees like a log and put his hand up to his eye; but he shot Jim through the heart before he fell back unconscious. If that ain't shootin', I don't know what shootin' is." The man laughed appreciatingly. "Mr. Murray's not going to be left far behind in this world," he added. "There's his house."

He was right. I swung off the car and made my way to the door. The conversation I had heard deepened my respect for Elalaine, who could be so ladylike and so charming with such a husband. She was surprised to see me, but decidedly she was glad I had come, for she had worked herself into a terrible state of nervousness. She pushed a chair near the fire, and settled herself on the sofa. Her presence stirred me deliciously.

"Georgie Mayland's a very attractive girl, isn't she?" she said, evidently thinking that she had read something between the lines.

"I should be in love with any one who was the means of bringing me here," said I.

Her graceful arm was resting on the curve of the sofa, her hand slightly dropped so that it looked like the neck of a swan. Over the top of her hand, her eyes were laughing at me.

"I am afraid you think me a terrible coward," she said. "I would dearly like to have a man's courage."

"There is very little that is admirable in courage," said I. "Courage comes of bodily strength, and strength of good health, and a man with good health is not cursed

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

with nerves. We can hardly be proud of a quality which the brutes of the fields have far better developed than it is with us."

But she shook her head.

"The lower animals don't appreciate fine degrees of danger," said she. "I have seen a dog attack my husband, which no man in his senses would do. It was ignorance, not bravery."

She got up and handed me a little silver box of cigarettes.

We talked on about a hundred things, until presently we both became hungry, and instituted an excursion to the servants' regions. In ten minutes time we had the little dining-room table spread with sardines and biscuits and whatever else we could find. I was drawing the cork from a bottle, standing just beside her chair, when she looked round at me and laughed.

"Do you know this is highly improper?" she said.

"It can never be improper to do good," said I, "and you are doing me a very great deal."

"I was wondering what Duncan would say if he came in and found us like this," Elalaine responded, pushing her glass a little towards me.

I laughed amusedly.

"What would he?" I asked.

She tilted her chair back the slightest possible bit, still keeping her hand on the glass.

"I don't suppose he would say much," she replied. "In fact, I'm sure he wouldn't."

"As for what any one thinks, it really doesn't matter much," I observed, pulling at the cork.

"I don't suppose he would think a great deal either," she said. "When a man has lived as long as he has in mining camps and places he is apt to shoot first and leave speaking and thinking till afterwards."

The bottle slipped out of my hands on to the floor. Elalaine looked round in surprise, and I could see she was laughing.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said rather quickly. "I thought I heard some one coming up the steps, that's all."

I mopped my forehead. The room was very hot and I was perspiring.

"I wish Duncan would come," said Elalaine with a little contraction of her eyebrows. "It would be a lesson to him."

The sound of footsteps must have been imaginary, for no one came. Our supper was most delightful, though the conversation was a little bit frivolous. At three o'clock in the morning one cannot be expected to discuss ethics. However, I was glad when Elalaine suggested we should move back into the drawing-room. It was more conventional there than sitting tête-à-tête over champagne and sandwiches.

She went back to her corner of the couch, and I to my easy-chair before the fire.

"Sofas are very comfortable," I said philosophically, selecting another cigarette from the box which still lay within reach. "In my own rooms, I never use a chair except for meals."

She was laughing at me over her hand again. I had a great mind to stretch out my own and take it.

"You luxurious creature," she said, pointing to where the matches stood on the table at my elbow. She got up suddenly and sat down again, making more room on the couch. "Look," said she, "you can have that corner if you like."

I went and sat down beside her.

We talked of many things and so pleasantly that I had no idea what the time was, but I knew it must be getting late. Elalaine had suggested that if I felt like a whisky-and-soda I might mix myself one in the dining-room, and I was hunting for a siphon when I heard some one coming up the front-door steps. There was no illusion this time. I put down my glass and ran into the hall.

"Mrs. Murray," I called breathlessly. I wanted her to explain matters. If her husband were to come in and find me there he might, as she had playfully said, keep his thinking and saying things till afterwards. A couple of words from her would put matters right, but a man coming back to his own house, probably in a bad temper, and finding a stranger drinking his whisky-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and-soda at four o'clock in the morning, would just as likely as not be unreasonable and violent. It would not occur to him right out that I had been introduced by a mutual friend, and had stayed on out of consideration for his wife's nervousness.

I could hear the latch-key already in the door.

In two strides I reached the drawing-room.

Elalaine was leaning back on the sofa asleep.

"Mrs. Murray! Quick! For heaven's sake, wake up!" I whispered fiercely.

But she did not stir.

I threw a quick glance over my shoulder. The front door was being slowly opened. A big screen was drawn across part of the hall, hiding the entrance to the servants' quarters, and behind this I darted. It was no use standing there to be shot. I was quite willing to attack burglars, but I had no wish to be mistaken for one. I crouched down instinctively, and partly because my knees were aching. Through a crack in the screen, I saw Mr. Murray come in like a man whose suspicions had been aroused.

The collar of his coat was turned up and his opera hat was tilted slightly over his right eye. He was a handsome fellow, with a pale complexion, and a heavy mustache which drooped over the mouth. Somehow I felt relieved that I was not standing there facing him with my explanation, which I realized would sound uncommonly lame. If Elalaine had not been so idiotic as to fall asleep, my horrible predicament would never have arisen. As things were, my best plan was to stop where I was until they went upstairs, and then to let myself out with as little noise as possible.

If ever one man has mesmerized another, I am sure by sheer force of will I preserved Mr. Murray from hanging up his coat and hat, and at the same time discovering mine. But when I tried to keep him away from the dining-room where the remains of our meal were spread, I suppose my will powers were not sufficiently under control. I heard him open the door which I had taken the precaution to close behind me, and was seriously perturbed lest I should collapse on the spot with terror. My first impulse was to dart out of the hiding-place and forcibly to wake Elalaine up. I was gingerly shifting one lapel of the screen so that I could creep into the room unperceived, when the thought struck me that perhaps even her explanation might not be in time to save me from the attack of that quick-tempered giant. On considering the matter, I determined to stay where I was.

At the same time I made endeavors to wake her up, in order that I might catch her eye and make signs to her to explain my position. But though I could see her when the screen was drawn back, I failed to wake her. It was my fear that, not knowing where I was, she would make some rash remark and not only commit herself but me.

Presently I heard the dining-room door open and close again. Mr. Murray had evidently swallowed that pill without a grimace. Or perhaps he had put the second place at the table down to Georgie's account. That, as a possibility that had not occurred to me before, caused me no little relief.

At the same time my mouth felt dry; and the ignominy of my position was particularly galling to any one with a fine spirit such as I had. Here was I, hiding like a criminal, when my worst offence was that of being indiscreetly considerate for a woman's feelings.

I knew Mr. Murray had come out of the dining-room, but he had not gone past my little peephole. After an interval which seemed to me like hours, however, I heard him coming down the stairs, and the next moment he had crossed over to the drawing-room.

Instinctively I drew the screen round me and stood there listening intently. There was another interval which seemed interminable; my heart throbbed unmercifully, and I was compelled to mop persistently at my forehead. I wondered what Georgie would say and think if she could have seen me at that moment, and I would gladly have given $5,000 to have found myself spirited back to our hotel.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The next thing I remember was hearing a piercing cry, and in an instant, forgetful of everything, I had sprung from my hiding-place, the huge screen falling behind me with a tremendous crash.

Elalaine was on her knees before the couch; the man was standing over her, it seemed to me, with his hand pressed on her throat.

He turned as I came in and loosened his hold. Then before I had realized his purpose, he sprang at me, hurling me with the force of his blow across the room, and the next moment was out into the hall and had his hand on the front door.

Elalaine, too terrified to speak, was crouching back against the couch wringing her hands.

It seemed to me the verge of a terrible domestic tragedy.

"THERE CAME THE CRACK OF A REVOLVER."

"Look here," I cried, taking two strides in his direction; "it is for me to go, not you."

I had drawn my revolver, but I flung it from me on a chair, and stood there with my hands behind me, my lips tightly closed.

He stared at me for a moment with a world of hate in his eyes, and then threw open the door and went out. I heard the sound of a window being thrown up, and as I swung round, there came the crack of a revolver. It was Elalaine.

"What have you done?" I cried.

Her hands fell to her side, and she stood staring at me, her head thrown back, revealing the full rounded neck, her eyes blazing, her auburn hair tossed wildly over her forehead.

"You coward!" she breathed at last.

I looked at her with amazement, wincing beneath the scorn of her voice. Then I pushed past her and drew the heavy curtains aside, expecting I do not know what awful horror.

"Your husband," I cried—"what has become of him?"

It was perfectly dark outside and quiet as death.

Elalaine glanced up at the clock; her face was ashen.

"I don't know," she said. "He ought to be back by now, and if I were you I should go before he comes." She kicked the revolver which lay smoking on the carpet toward me with the tip of her shoe.

"But——"

She silenced me with an imperious gesture.

"Take my advice," she said, "and go. Duncan is a man, and can do things which I can only wish to do. No," she went on, as I tried to interrupt; "I won't listen. You came here on the pretence of affording me protection, and when the need arises, what becomes of you?" She laughed in a way that cut me to the quick. "Where are you?" she repeated with in-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

finite scorn. "Hiding behind a screen. And there you stop, shivering, I suppose, in your shoes, while you allow the house to be burgled, while I am attacked! A pretty figure—" And she laughed again.

I looked at her aghast. Upon my word, it had never occurred to me that the man who came in with that deliberate step could be any one but her husband. I tried to explain.

"Good-night," she said, with her hands still behind her.

"Good-by," said I. And I took down my hat and coat and went outside.

The man she had fired at had evidently not been hit. A woman's best shots come from her mouth.

The next night Georgie came to me after dinner.

"I suppose," she said, "you are going up to the Murrays to-night?"

"I would rather stop here," I said, truthfully.

I think she was rather pleased at that.

"But Elalaine?" she queried, with her head a little on one side.

"I don't care if I never see her again," said I.

I think I shall marry Georgie if I ever get back to Los Angeles—that beautiful City of the Angels under the bright Californian sky.

A WAKING DREAM.

Beneath the moonbeams falling white around me,
I stand with her again,
Striving to break the bonds that one time bound me
Faster than forgéd chain.

Once more the sweet sad face in all its beauty
Says mutely: "Dear one, stay!"
And Love, in answer, cries out: "Yes!" but Duty,
With calmer voice, says: "Nay!"

"Farewell." 'Twas done; the fatal word was spoken
That ended in a sigh.
The right was done; but youth's first vow was broken
With that last long "Good-by."

A moon-ray through my study window gleaming
Lies white across the walls,
Just o'er a girlish face; and I've been dreaming
Of all that face recalls.

Of Love and Hope and Faith that trusted madly
Fate's future path unseen;
Of hours of pleasure now remembered sadly,
And all—that might have been!

Clarence Hope.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE MAHARAJAH'S MAGNIFICENT PALACE, BUILT IN EUROPEAN STYLE, AND WORTH A KING'S RANSOM, WAS WRECKED ALMOST BEYOND REPAIR.

THE UPHEAVAL OF A MOMENT.

By G. E. Williams.

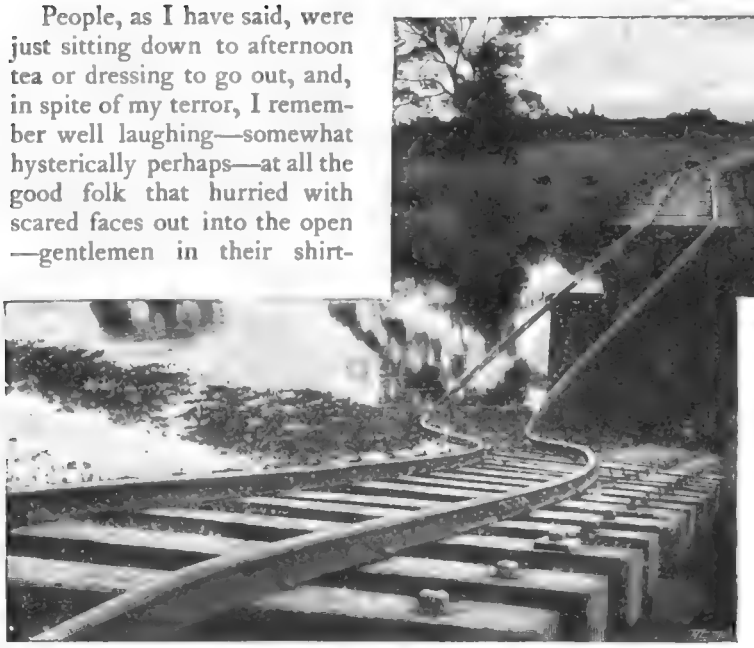
During my sojourn in India—some sixteen or seventeen years—I have experienced as large a share of earthquakes as most people who have lived in the tropics. Some of these upheavals have been tolerably severe, others slight, and one, at least, so disastrous and terrifying that the memory of it will remain with me until my dying day. I allude, of course, to the great earthquake of 1897.

It had been one of those sweltering days that no one who has not lived in India can possibly imagine—a day when the lightest costume seems an intolerable weight, and the air you draw suffocating, and like fire in the lungs. At about five in the afternoon, when most people were sitting down to afternoon tea, the earthquake suddenly began, and all was over in less than five minutes. But what a five minutes! They were the most alarming I have ever gone through. Many of my readers have been in a storm at sea, and the sensation, never over-pleasant, is somewhat similar to that of an earthquake, though infinitely less horrible, be the storm never so violent. I could hardly keep on my legs, and the deadly feeling of nausea that came over me is an experience I shall not forget, and hope never to go through again.

Perhaps even worse was the awful din that accompanied the shocks. It beggars all description. The loudest clap of thunder would be a mere whisper in comparison. It sounded for all the world as though whole mountains were rolling down, or all the powder magazines in the world were exploding simultaneously.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

People, as I have said, were just sitting down to afternoon tea or dressing to go out, and, in spite of my terror, I remember well laughing—somewhat hysterically perhaps—at all the good folk that hurried with scared faces out into the open—gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves, ladies in their petticoats. As for the natives, they were terrified out of their senses, and rushed hither and thither like madmen, praying and screaming. Birds flew about screeching in wild excitement, dogs barked, horses tried their level best to kick the stables to pieces, and my elephant's trumpetings were simply deafening. In fact, it was a regular pandemonium.



THIS IS AN EXAMPLE OF THE FEARFUL DAMAGE DONE TO THE BENGAL STATE RAILWAY.

Had the earthquake occurred at night, many lives would certainly have been lost, as all about the neighborhood houses collapsed like so many packs of cards. But this providential circumstance—I mean the earthquake occurring in the daytime—we recognized with gratitude when all was over—not before; the experience, while it lasted, seemed well-nigh as bad as it could be.

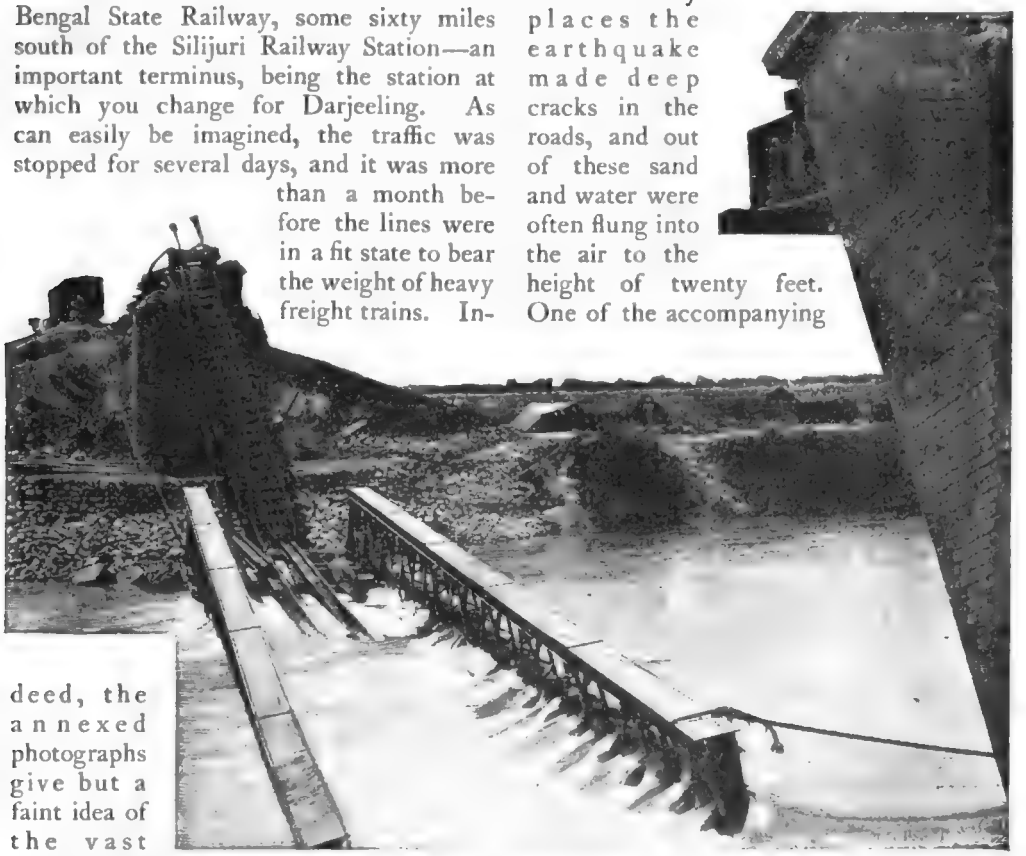
One strange incident I remember hearing of some time after. Two friends of mine had gone out for a ride that same afternoon (energetic men—in such heat!), and happened to be on horseback at the time of the earthquake. Wonderful to relate, they had not the faintest suspicion of the convulsions over which they were riding! True, they noticed that their horses rolled and stumbled; but imagining that the animals were tired and faint after the sweltering heat of the day, pulled them into a trot, by which time the shocks had subsided. The appalling din they believed to be claps of thunder, for during the earthquake there was a slight thunderstorm, and their astonishment was unbounded when, on arriving home, they learned the truth,

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WILL GIVE SOME IDEA OF THE GIGANTIC FISSURES WHICH OPENED IN THE GROUND.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and saw the devastated houses, and the natives still careering about in an ecstasy of terror.

Two of the accompanying photographs show how badly the railway lines were damaged. These were taken on a portion of the line on the northern section of the Bengal State Railway, some sixty miles south of the Silijuri Railway Station—an important terminus, being the station at which you change for Darjeeling. As can easily be imagined, the traffic was stopped for several days, and it was more than a month before the lines were in a fit state to bear the weight of heavy freight trains. Indeed, the annexed photographs give but a faint idea of the vast damage done. In many places the line was completely obliterated; in some rendered absolutely unstable; several bridges collapsed, and not a few of the station platforms had sunk deep into the ground.



THIS SPLENDID IRON BRIDGE, WHICH COST THOUSANDS TO BUILD, COLLAPSED IN A MOMENT, AND AS A CONSEQUENCE TRAFFIC WAS STOPPED FOR MORE THAN A MONTH.

The telegraph service had, of course, been stopped, and for many days we were completely shut off from the world.

The photograph at the head of this article shows the rough treatment that the neighboring Maharajah's palace underwent. This magnificent structure, built in European style, and as beautifully furnished as any house on Fifth Avenue, New York, cost thousands to erect; and everybody, English and native, was very sorry when the Maharajah's loss was made known, he being the most popular man in the neighborhood, and an ardent sportsman.

In many places the earthquake made deep cracks in the roads, and out of these sand and water were often flung into the air to the height of twenty feet. One of the accompanying photographs will give the reader a good idea of these cracks.

After the earthquake, many places in the country were altered quite beyond recognition. Great landslips had changed the course of rivers, and even the great Brahmaputra, than which no river is more useful to the traffic of the country, was, in part, so incredibly changed that navigation was in a state of chaos for some months, and those in charge of steamers had to be very careful when steering over unknown depths.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I NEVER could understand it," said the elder of the two men.

They were sauntering along a sequestered path in the wide pleasure grounds of Madison House. A garden party was in progress, and the flood tide of beauty and fashion filled the place.

"What?" The word came in a blue puff of cigar smoke.

For answer the other waved his cigarette in the direction of a pretty summer-house on which the words "The Cave of Delphos" were tastefully emblazoned. "If a poor woman tells fortunes for a ten-cent piece," he went on, "she gets arrested. There's a lady palmist reading hands at five dollars per fool, and the law winks both eyes hard."

His companion looked at him lazily, as if to make sure of his identity. The pointed gray beard; the eyes, bright, narrow slits; the lips turned down at the corners—all appertained to society's good-humored cynic, Harold Labache.

"I thought you were never serious about anything," he drawled at last.

"Laughter and common sense are very good friends," answered Labache, "although people won't believe it. I want free trade in fortune telling or no trade at all. Free trade for a preference. If I were a religious or moral person I should say no trade—in superstition; but I'm not. I have no objection to religion or morality in the abstract. But if people rush to pay for being imposed on, why shouldn't they? Only give the impostors fair play all round."

"But no one believes in this tom foolery," said the other. "Every man fashions his own future, if he can only make up his mind what he wants it to be. I never can from day to day. But if I were really in earnest, if I really wanted to get or do anything, I'd get it or do it in spite of fate."

It would have been a boastful speech in any other man; in Richard Dunderring it was simple truth. Yet at first sight he didn't look that sort of man at all. He was short and square, strong and active-looking, and stronger and more active than he looked. He dressed in light gray tweed, with a Panama hat perched on the back

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of his close-cropped bullet head. To the careless eye he seemed a commonplace person. The dark brick-dust complexion might have come from drink or exposure. As a matter of fact, it came from exposure at the poles and in the tropics. The round, light blue eyes, that had the glint of polished steel, looked rounder and brighter from their dark setting. His chin was a square knob. Perhaps the best feature in his face was his mouth—firm-lipped and resolute—but it was covered with a tawny mustache through which only the gleam of white teeth was visible. He looked the skipper of a small trading vessel, and appearances were so far justified that he was the best yachtsman in the world.

"OH, MR. LABACHE, HOW YOU FRIGHTENED ME!" EXCLAIMED MRS. FEVERTON.

Labache glanced at him with a shrewd twinkle in his oblong eyes. "Yes," he said, "you generally manage to get your own way. But every one is not so fortunate or unfortunate as to be a self-willed multi-millionaire. The rest have to take their fate as they find it."

"That may be so," Dunderring answered, with a faint touch of self-complacency in his voice. "But surely no man, woman, or child could ever expect to find fate in the wrinkles of a hand?"

"There are men, women, and children that will believe anything," retorted Labache, "and every man, woman, and child has his or her own pet weakness. Look there!"

As he spoke, a female figure emerged from the low door of the "Cave of Delphos"—a well-dressed, well-shaped figure of a woman. They could see that she was palpitating with excitement, and the shapely hand trembled as she pulled her veil down. Then she came swiftly past them without stopping—apparently without seeing. But Mr. Labache swept his hat off with an old-fashioned salute that made the glossy silk flash like a mirror in the sunshine.

"Good-day, Mrs. Feverton," he said suavely.

She started and cried out nervously at the sound of his voice.

"Oh, Mr. Labache, how you frightened me! My nerves are all tingling."

"The fortune teller?" he asked, with a smile.

She hesitated. "Well, yes," she confessed, coming closer and speaking in a low voice.

Richard Dunderring had dropped a little behind, unnoticed by the lady in her agitation.

"It *was* the fortune teller," she went on nervously. "You needn't smile. Of course, I don't believe in any such rubbish any more than you do. No sensible person does."

She looked at him wistfully for contra-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

diction or confirmation, but his bland smile was wholly inscrutable.

"It's all nonsense, of course," she began, more nervously than before, "but——"

"Yes, but—" hinted Mr. Labache courteously.

"She's wonderful, really wonderful!" Mrs. Feverton broke out in a sudden burst of enthusiasm. "She told me things about myself that I didn't know before. No, you mustn't laugh; not flattering things at all, but I felt they were true the moment she said them. I wouldn't mind that so much, but she spoke of the future, and I don't want to believe her."

"Don't, then!" It was Dunderring who spoke this time.

She turned round at the sound of that deep voice. "Cousin Dick!" she cried. "Where did you drop from? Everybody and everything is startling me to-day. I'm delighted to see you, of course; but——"

"Another 'but,' Fanny."

"That woman told me you were coming, Dick. I didn't believe her. I thought it was impossible. I had a letter from you, mailed in California, this morning."

"But about the fortune teller?" he interposed quietly.

"The fortune teller!" with a relapse into nervousness. "Oh, she is really wonderful!" cried the volatile lady, going off in another direction like a rebounding racquet ball. "The whole story about her is wonderful. As I was walking in the grounds yesterday, an old gipsy woman rose up out of the ferns with a rustle like a cock pheasant, and sent my heart into my mouth. She was nearly bent double with age, and had a face brown and livid like a withered leaf. While I stood panting and gaping, she called me a pretty lady, and wanted me to cross her hand with money. But I wouldn't have my fortune told; I thought it was wrong—superstitious, you know, and that kind of thing. Then, all of a sudden, the thought came to me that she would be a great draw for my bazaar next day—a thing to get talked of in New York—a real old-fashioned fortune teller; not one of those silly young girl palmists, who know nothing except to titter and make eyes and squeeze the gentlemen's fingers."

"But it was wrong, you know, Mrs. Feverton," said Mr. Labache sternly.

"Not in the cause of charity."

"Well, I coaxed the old woman to come, though she didn't want to at first, and I fitted up the summer-house as the 'Cave of Delphos.' Delphos was a great prophet, I believe, somewhere in Egypt, so it was appropriate every way. Then I just whispered it about privately that fortunes would be told there by a real fortune teller at five dollars a head—a hand, I mean—three dollars to go to the charity. It was perfectly amazing the excitement. All wanted their fortunes told, and believed them, what's more. I could not have imagined people so foolish."

"But you went yourself, Fanny," said Dunderring.

"Oh, that was merely curiosity, Dick, and I wanted to find out the trick of the thing, besides."

"And did you?"

"Well, no, I cannot say I did. The woman frightened me, she seemed so terribly in earnest, and she told me some really astonishing things."

"For instance?"

"She told me about you."

"Am I astounding?"

"Very. She told me where you were, and what you were doing, and that you would be here to-day, and I didn't believe it; but you are, you see."

"That's so," he assented. "Nevertheless, the whole thing is rubbish."

"Well, then, if you are quite sure of your scepticism, face the music, have your fortune told."

"I'll be hanged if I do. The thing is a mere trick, only fit for hysterical women. Beg pardon, Fan, didn't mean that. By Jove, on second thoughts, I have half a mind to see her."

"Oh, do. There's a good fellow. Come along."

A slim girl's figure stepped out of the summer-house and along the lawn like a frightened fawn. Richard Dunderring

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"YOU HAVE SPOKEN TO A LADY, TALL AND STATELY."

stood for a moment in the narrow entrance, blocking the light. The walls and roof of the summer-house were woven close with sycamore branches and bush woodbine. Here and there the sunbeams trickled through the crevices and sprinkled the dark floor with drops of gold.

For a moment his eyes could see nothing in that green twilight. But gradually there grew on his gaze a strange figure, in a long black cloak, bundled up in a deep rustic seat in the darkest nook. She looked very old and very feeble; hardly human in her decrepitude. Her head had fallen forward, resting on her hands, and he could see nothing at first but a great mass of dishevelled iron-gray hair.

In spite of himself he was impressed. There was something uncanny about the figure. She did not look in the least like a vulgar impostor.

"I have come to have my fortune told—" he began.

The woman's head rose at the first sound, and he felt the bright eyes fixed on him.

"You have come, Mr. Dunderring," she interrupted, taking the words from his

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lips, "you have come in your folly to tempt your fate."

She spoke in a low, clear whisper that stirred the air like the vibration of a bell.

Richard Dunderring passed the threshold a little awkwardly, and took his place in a vacant seat beside the fortune teller.

But his coolness came back to him as they looked each other steadily in the eyes for a silent minute.

The woman's face was the face of a mummy, ribbed and brown. All her life was in her blazing eyes. Their color he could not tell in the twilight, but their brightness was wonderful. They glowed with a deep light as if a flame were kindling behind.

Without a word Dunderring stretched out his square, strong hand. She took it in her long fingers, bending over it as one bends over a book when the type is small.

"A strong man and a wilful"—the words came at last—"and reckless if opposed."

He chuckled assent. "Any one that knows me at all, knows that," he said.

"Self-willed in great things and in small."

"For example?" he asked.

"You have spent the last three months living like a peasant in a hut on the Rockies to shoot the last of the big grizzlies."

"But I got him," he interrupted, complacently. "Oh, I should not have told you."

"I knew without your telling," she answered shortly, and he believed her. "You have always got what you wanted in the past; you will always get what you want in the future if you can."

"Whether I can or not," he interrupted sharply, "nothing shall stop me."

She paused and looked at him steadily.

"Shall I speak of the past or of the future?"

"Of the future," he said, "of the near future, so that the test may be prompt. Trickery may teach you to know or guess the past."

Again she pored over his hand. "You have never loved," she began abruptly; "but before another month is past you will be ready to barter your soul for a woman."

He laughed incredulously, contemptuously. "So we have come to matrimony already. You are more commonplace than I thought you. Try another tack, old lady; women are not in my line at all."

Again she looked at him steadily with strangely luminous eyes, and a curious doubt and fear began to grow in him under her gaze.

"Listen, now," she said slowly; "belief will come later. Within three weeks from to-day you will be present at a great reception. I see you—I say I see you—go slowly up the wide marble staircase."

She had dropped his hand and was gazing into space. He could believe anything of those eyes. "You have spoken to a lady, tall, stately, with hair and eyes as black as night, and a great red stone blazing like a spark of fire on her white breast."

"Mrs. Wilderner," muttered Richard Dunderring to himself. "The Wilderner ruby, by Jove!

"Is that the lady?" he asked, still incredulously.

Mrs. Wilderner was a married chum of his. They were what he called "pals."

"Listen!" was the answer. "You have but pressed her hand and moved on with the crowd to the dancing-room. You don't mean to dance."

"I never do," he soliloquized.

"There is a girl standing by the door, fanning herself with a fan of white ostrich plumes; young, graceful, and beautiful. Oh, very beautiful! She half turns and looks at you as you go past. She is all in white, with a bunch of violets at her throat. Her cheeks have the flush of the wild rose, and her eyes are of the deep sea blue." The old woman spoke wistfully, and paused as if haunted by the ghost of her dead youth.

"Well?" he said impatiently, "go on."

She turned almost angrily.

"The first look of those blue eyes will light a flame in your heart that will kindle

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and grow as the days go by till your whole soul is on fire."

"What a pretty romance!" he said laughing, but the laughter did not ring true. "What next?"

"You will long for her, strive for her, as you never have longed or striven for aught in your life before."

"And she—the girl?" The words seemed to slip from him unawares.

"To her you will be a man as other men, no more. A man neither to love nor hate. There will be no place for you in her free heart. Twice you will beg of her to be your wife, and twice she will refuse, bidding you have no hope."

"And then?" There was an eagerness of which he was not conscious in his voice, and the strong hand clutched the old crone's fingers with a grip that hurt.

"And then?" he repeated, for she was silent.

"THE FIRST LOOK OF THOSE BLUE EYES WILL LIGHT A FLAME IN YOUR HEART."

"You will ask a third time."

"And then?"

"I can tell no more."

"You must, you must!" he cried. "This is mere foolery; some common trick of your trade."

The earnestness of his tone belied his words. His very earnestness seemed to have some compelling influence on her.

"She is in danger, in great danger," the thrilling whisper went on, "from fire or water, I cannot say. You save her life. Then you ask her for the third time, and ——"

There was a long pause.

"Well?" he asked. For the moment his faith in the woman was perfect.

"I cannot tell her answer. But this I can see—here the lines of life and death run close together and almost touch. If she refuses you for the third time, you will die by your own hand."

For a long minute they both sat so still

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that a fearless robin ran twittering along the floor of the summer-house, the sunshine glancing from his feathers as he passed through the little pools of light.

Then Dunderring shook the spell from him like a burden, with an impatient shrug of his broad shoulders. He rose abruptly, set a ten-dollar bill on the table beside the gypsy's chair, and left the place without a word.

"Well," cried Mrs. Feverton eagerly as he rejoined them on the broad walk, "isn't she wonderful?"

Mr. Labache said nothing, but looked at him keenly through narrow eyelet holes.

"Commonplace," replied Dunderring curtly; but he could not make his tone commonplace.

"But what did she tell you?" Mrs. Feverton persisted. "Let us judge for ourselves."

"Oh, the old story," he answered carelessly, "of death and matrimony. They all sing the same hymn with variations."

"But what was the—er—girl's name?"

"Didn't say; red cheeks and blue eyes. Oh, the usual thing."

Mrs. Feverton pouted. Her eyes were a very fine brown.

"But she gave you some particulars, Dick? Surely she gave you some particulars?"

"Lots. But don't worry, Fan, like a good old girl. The whole thing is such folly, I am ashamed to have taken part in it. Let's talk of something else."

So they talked of something else for a while, Mrs. Feverton lightly and wittily playing with the gossip of fashionable New York, when Dunderring broke in suddenly, apropos of nothing:

"By the way, what's Madge Wilderner doing?"

"Oh, I forgot. How stupid of me! She is going to give a great reception on—let me see—just this day three weeks. It is to be the event of the season. You would have had a card if she knew you were within range of the post-office. I will write to her to-night."

"Kindly do nothing of the kind, Fan. Before her semi-royal reception comes off I will be well on my

THEY WERE TOGETHER ALONE IN THE RECESSES OF THE GREAT CONSERVATORY.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

way to China. I have taken my passage."

But Dunderring did not go to China. He loitered on in his luxurious flat, forfeited his passage, and let the steamer sail without him.

Laugh or grumble as he would, according to his humor, the gipsy had impressed him in spite of himself. The impression had been enhanced when, a little later on the day of the bazaar, Mrs. Feverton had come to him in a whirl of excitement to say the old fortune teller had vanished as if the ground had swallowed her. Dunderring's bill lay on the table beside the empty chair, but of the old woman there was no trace. Inquiries were made, but came to nothing. She was gone, suddenly, completely, untraceably as a drop of water into the sea. Mr. Dunderring was the last that had seen or spoken to her.

He loitered on at his rooms. In a sportsmanlike fashion he said to himself that he would give the old prophetess fair play. He would test her by the card of invitation for the Wilderner reception. If she was right, a card would come, of course ; and if a card came, he would go.

A week before the reception; six days; five; then four; then two ; and no card. He found himself feverishly watching the mail and longing for an invitation. He could stand it no longer. He thought of the lovely girl, with cheeks like the wild rose-leaf and eyes of the deep blue sea, fanning herself with the ostrich plumes by the ballroom door while he sat sulking at home in his chambers. "It's all nonsense, of course," he mused ; "still, if—Hang it! I must give the woman a fair chance, and then I'll be done with the tomfoolery for ever. Madge doesn't know I'm back; I'll drop her a line." So he dropped her a line, and had his card of invitation by return of post.

As he tore the envelope open, the thought came to him suddenly, "The gipsy is right so far; the invitation has come. I *must* go to the reception now."

A curious presentiment hung round him all day, seeming to close him out from other men whom he met in the streets or at the club. Even his own voice sounded strange to him. The strange feeling was still upon him as his private hansom whirled him off that evening to the great Wilderner house. When his foot touched the first step of the broad carpeted stair of the drawing-room stairs, there came upon him that strange eerie sensation every one has known, that he had lived the whole scene before in a dream. His recollection was more vivid than if it had all happened yesterday, even to the minutest detail. He seemed to know what each friend would say before they spoke to him. So vivid was the sensation it almost startled him as he found Mrs. Wilderner waiting (as might be expected) on the landing, with the Wilderner ruby blazing like a spark of red fire on her white neck. He seemed to know before she spoke what her words of gracious welcome would be. A little dizzy, and still walking like one in a dream, he saw, without surprise, a slim, stately figure, all in white, close to the door, with a fan of white ostrich plumes. The face was half turned from him, but he could see that it was very beautiful, and he could see that the only touch of color in her dress was a bunch of violets at her throat. She glanced up carelessly as he passed, and the blue eyes, of the color of the deep sea with the sun on it, for one second looked straight into his own.

"What's the matter, Dunderring?" said Mr. Labache's genial voice a moment later close beside him. "How pale you look! One would think you had seen a ghost. You want a coffee with a Chartreuse in it; there is a buffet round here."

"Oh, I'm all right," said Dunderring brusquely. Then, in his downright fashion, going ever straight to his purpose, "Do you know that girl—no, not that—the tall, beautiful girl in white, near the door at the other end of the room—there! there! Can't you see? There's a chap taking her off to dance now."

Mr. Labache leisurely adjusted his pincenez and swept the room with keen eyes, following the impatient glance of Richard Dunderring.

"Oh, that," he cried, dropping the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

glasses with a jerk of the black silk string, and turning with surprise and compassion to his companion, "that! Why, where have you been? I forgot you were in California or some place on the outer edge of the world. Nothing less would account for such ignorance. That young lady is Miss Elaine Seevers, the chief lioness of the season. She'll roar you as gentle as a sucking dove. She's a great heiress, a great beauty, and a great actress, uncommon triple combination. A month ago no one had heard of her; now every one has heard of her. She came to Frohman; wanted to play Juliet; never had been behind the footlights before. He laughed at her. 'Laugh, but listen,' she said, like the chap—I never could remember his name—in Greek history. He listened. The upshot was they stopped a successful play in the middle of a long, fast run, produced Juliet at a week's notice, and took the town by storm. It's raging yet; there never was such acting before; there never will be again. The very soul of Juliet gets into the girl. I, George Labache, have snivelled at it like a sentimental schoolgirl."

He paused at this, as if the last word were spoken.

"But the girl—who is the girl?" demanded Dunderring impatiently.

"Only daughter of old Seevers of Westchester who was killed in the huntingfield nearly two years ago. Why, you knew the man, Dunderring, and the daughter, too, if I'm not mistaken. You stayed with them once for the hunting about seven or eight years ago."

"Not Ivan Seevers; surely not Ivan?"

"The very man."

"And that wonderful girl the little tangle-haired, motherless tomboy I used to romp with? I should have remembered those wonderful eyes. Why, I taught her to ride, and——"

He stopped abruptly. His thoughts went back to those old times. He remembered with a curious thrill that Elfie Seevers—then eleven years of age—one hunting-day, when he had pulled her out of a swift brook, had volunteered to marry him; and when he had put her off laughingly, with the assurance that he wasn't a marrying man, that he was old enough to be her father, and she would soon find a nice boy of her own and forget all about him, she persisted, "Oh, I mean to have you, whether you like it or not, when I'm a big lady, and you'll see I will, too!"

It was a thing impossible that this stately girl, whose beauty almost frightened him, was the merry little tomboy playmate whom he had carried about and kissed a hundred times, and who had so frankly expressed her matrimonial intentions.

"Can you introduce me?"

Mr. Labache looked at him in surprise, the hesitating voice and manner were so unlike the downright Richard Dunderring.

"Perhaps it would be better to ask our hostess," he answered; "it's a somewhat formidable young lady."

Mrs. Wilderner was "delighted," so she said in reply to Dunderring's request, though she did not look it, for Mrs. Wilderner liked to monopolize admiration.

"Mr. Dunderring—Miss Seevers." The stately beauty bowed slightly in acknowledgment of the introduction. But as Mrs. Wilderner turned away, the dark blue eyes lit up with sudden recognition and delight.

"Not Dick?"

"Yes, Dick," he answered. "How good of you to remember me!"

"Neither good nor bad," she answered gayly. "I remember because I cannot help remembering. Now take me away somewhere, and let us talk of old times."

He carried her off in triumph to a quiet nook known only to the initiated, where they talked of old times for an hour, while disappointed partners searched for her frantically, but in vain.

Dunderring found her the free-hearted schoolgirl, frank and unaffected as in the old days. She called him Dick as a matter of course, but for the life of him he could not call her Elfie in return. Man is never satisfied. He could have wished her shyer, even colder, in her manner. The easy comradeship of the old days

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

chilled the hope that was already warming in his heart.

"You will come and see me?" she said, as she gave him the slim firm hand frankly at parting.

"As often as I may."

"Oh, you may as often as you like," she answered laughingly. "You have only to take your ticket, you know."

He went back to his chambers like one in a fever, chilled or warmed by sudden alternate gusts of hope or fear. So far the gipsy's prophecy had come true. The spark in his heart had already kindled to a flame. Already he felt that his life without love was impossible. But the rest of the gipsy's warning kept forcing itself on his memory with the insistence of truth.

He saw the great actress every evening that week. The most passionate Juliet, the most pathetic Ophelia, the most terrible Lady Macbeth, the most sweet and tender and womanly Imogen. But it was in Rosalind he loved her best. In free, frank, merry, daring, true-hearted Rosalind —that pearl of perfect girlhood—she was herself. There was no acting there at all, only a free rein given to her own nature, and Dunderring envied Orlando with an envy that was like hate.

She took his praise of her acting as a child takes praise—with unconcealed and unaffected delight.

"I'm glad you liked me best as Rosalind. I like her best myself."

They had met by mere accident on Fifth Avenue. She was shopping and he was idling, and they had strolled away to the Park together, talking Shakespeare as they went.

"Juliet was more loving, of course," he began, "but——"

"But she wasn't," Elaine interrupted. "Juliet's love was only glorified hysterics. In comparison, Rosalind would do ten thousand times more for Orlando than she for Romeo. Oh, I want you to love Rosalind best!"

"I do love her best, because she is most like you," he said abruptly.

She turned to him with laughter sparkling in her eyes and dimpling about her lips.

"Do you know that is very like a declaration?" she said.

Her laughter hurt him more than anger could. His blood took fire at her words.

"I mean it," he said shortly, conscious of the abruptness of his words and harshness of his voice; "with my whole soul I mean it. Can't you see my love for you is torturing me?"

She turned to him again, like one amazed, and the laughter died out of her face.

"I will not pretend to misunderstand your meaning. I will answer you as briefly as you have spoken, and my answer is—No!"

Something of the old dogged determination woke in the man.

"I won't take 'No' for an answer, and never in all my life was I in earnest before."

She faced him with a resolution equal to his own. "Nor am I lightly swayed from a purpose once formed," she said.

"But you are not angry?"

"Not angry, but determined. Now shall we drop the subject—or part?"

"Drop the subject—for the present," he said, but with the fierce resolve that he would win her yet.

That evening Dunderring resolved on a long and patient siege, winning his way, if it might be, by slow degrees, to her heart. But he had no patience. His consuming passion urged him forward with whip and spur. Each time they met he had to keep a firm grip on the passion that almost mastered him.

Only one week later they were together and alone in the recesses of a great conservatory. It was a smart musical function in the house of one of the leaders of New York fashion, and they had slipped out of the throng.

The breath of the exotics was in the warm air, and ever and again there came to them from the distant music-room the faint wailing of the violin touched by a master hand, or the clear pure notes of the most famous soprano in the world.

The place was dimly lit by dainty fairy lamps, colored specks of brightness half

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hidden amid the flowers and foliage. Elaine sat on a velvet couch provided by a judicious hostess for such emergencies. But Dunderring dare not take the place invitingly vacant beside her.

He stood there, stolid to all seeming, and awkward, and talked in jerks on all trivial subjects—the flowers, the music, the theatre—stealing an occasional look at the unconscious grace of her figure and the loveliness of her face. The surroundings were maddening to him, and in her eyes and in her voice there seemed a subtle invitation.

Suddenly his self-control snapped under the strain, and almost before he knew, he was pouring forth his love with the eloquence that passion lends.

At the first word she started from the couch and faced him, inexorable as ever. Before her answer came he knew it. Though her eyes were kind and the "No" was softly spoken, he took it as the death-knell of his hopes. The words of the fortune teller tortured him. He rebelled against the prophecy that had come so true. The fear was on him that it would prove true to the bitter end, and that like a sentimental fool he would die by his own hand. With the fear came the sudden resolution to break the spell. "Good-by, Elfie," he said, "I will trouble you no more."

As she put her hand in his the impulse was strong upon him to catch her in his arms. It may be she read it in his eyes, for she turned from him so abruptly that her elbow struck a fairy light from its shelf, and sent it clattering down on the marble pavement. The delicate porcelain was shattered by the fall, and the bits slid tinkling along the smooth floor. But the naked light flared up, and its red tongue touched the hem of her soft white dress. Instantly the flame caught and spread with a sudden flush of light. She cried out, and Dunderring was by her side in a single spring; quick, cool, alert, with nerve, eye, and hand all trained to sudden and perilous emergency. Swift as the fire was, he was swifter. He clutched and gathered and bunched the flimsy fabric together in his naked hands and crushed the flame to death. The blaze perished as suddenly as it rose; only a few singed and smoking fragments of the dress littered the marble floor.

There was a strange, exalted look in her eyes as she turned to him—a look he had never seen before.

"Well done!" she panted. "A woman may trust her life in your hands."

Instinctively she looked at the square, strong hands of the man as she spoke, and saw that great patches of white blister had already begun to rise on back and palm.

Her mood changed suddenly. All the woman woke in her to pity and remorse.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she cried. "I can never tell you how sorry I am. How could I be so careless, so thoughtless, so cruel! Can you ever forgive me, Dick?"

Amazement, and a feeling stronger than amazement, kept him silent for a moment, for the tearful blue eyes that looked so pityingly on his face had a maddening light within that seemed to set his blood on flame.

"Oh, Elfie," he faltered out at last, "you are cruel now; only now it is my heart you have hurt, my darling, not my hands. Don't tempt my despair with lying hope."

But the frank blue eyes, with a new and loving light in them, boldly answered his own, and his resolution melted in the warmth of their gaze.

"It is madness I know; but I am mad."

He spoke and paused as a coward pleading for life might, for love and life rested in her answer.

"Well?" she said softly in the pause.

"Will you be my wife?"

"Why, of course I will," was the astounding answer. "Oh, Dick, how blind you men are! I loved you all the time, ever since those old days. Don't you remember I promised to be your wife whether you liked it or not? But you really do like it now, don't you?"

There was no answer in words.

"No, no, not again," she cried. "You really do frighten me. How terribly strong you are. It would be awful if you should ever want to beat me when

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

we are— Why, I'm a baby in your hands. The poor burned hands; do they pain you awfully?" and she touched the white blisters softly with pitying lips.

"Not in the least," he answered. "I had forgotten." He spoke truly, for he was one of those men whom pain can hardly touch at all. "I would have those two palms burned off to the stump, Elfie, for one word of love from you."

"I like my bear better as it is with the paws on. You must keep the paws quiet or I shall wish them gone."

They were seated together now, and he had slipped his arm round her slim waist.

"Don't touch it!" he cried, with a grimace, as she tried to put his hand away. "It will hurt awfully if you touch it, but it is most comfortable where it is."

"Poor thing!" she said, and let it rest.

"Tell me truly, Elfie, do you really love me? I am hungry to hear the words again, I have so wished and longed for them."

"Really and truly as a lady."

"All the time?"

"Yes, all the time."

"But why, then?"

"I will answer no more questions, sir —some day, perhaps. Oh, just look at the fright I am if anybody should come!"

"No one will come."

"I don't care, I'm a fright to myself. Just look at me."

"I am looking at you all the time; I can't help it."

"Oh, do be serious, Dick! Between you and fire see what you have made of me." From the waist down the costly skirt of her ball dress hung in scorched tatters about her. But the white silk and delicate lace of her bodice were unstained and unruffled. The rope of pearls was not whiter than the neck it circled, and the sapphire clasp at her bosom matched the blue of her eyes to a shade. As she stood fronting him, with love and laughter shining in her eyes, Dunderring thought she never looked so beautiful.

"You are perfect," he said.

"That's said to escape buying me a new frock for the one you spoiled."

"Let it be a wedding dress," he answered quickly, "as soon as you please."

"Now I'm going. You know I'm staying in the house. I can find my way to my own room and dress in ten minutes; that's part of my trade, you know. Mind, no one is to know of this escapade except our two selves."

"And the price of my silence?"

"No blackmail; but if you are very good, you may have the honor of taking Miss Seevers down to supper. I'm very hungry—and happy."

"Do you really love me, Elfie?" he said, later, having already received what to most people would seem convincing proof on the subject. "It seems too good to be true."

"It is I that should doubt, not you," she said; "you forgot me for so long, and I remembered you always."

"But I loved you all the time," he persisted; "you were my fate."

"Your fate?" She gave him a sudden look with those wonderful blue eyes; just a flash from under the drooping lashes that made him quiver with delight.

"I could tell you a strange story, a strange secret," he said, "if you promise not to laugh at me."

"I promise," she said quickly. "Perhaps, if I like your story, I may tell you a secret in return."

Then he told her his experience with the gipsy fortune teller. The details grew vivid in his memory as he spoke, and his wonder was strong as ever at the strange tale that had come so strangely true.

Something in the earnestness of his voice seemed to have impressed her. She made no comment, asked no question while the tale was telling. She sat silent, with her head averted, when the tale was told.

"Well, Elfie," he whispered at last, "it is your turn now. What is your secret?"

Then she turned to him with blue eyes gleaming, and lips demurely tight, though a laughing dimple struggled in her cheek.

"Well," he persisted, "your secret?"

"I was the fortune teller," she said.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A LOAD OF FINE CLAY.

THE CLAY EATERS OF CAROLINA.

By J. Montgomery M'Govern.

While the United States Government is wrestling with the problem of how best to govern its recently acquired territory, and what means to adopt to most rapidly and effectually civilize the half-savage inhabitants of our new possessions, it has apparently overlooked the fact that within the limits of the United States there exists a class of people almost as uncouth and ignorant, and in every way little above the level of the average inhabitant of the Philippine Islands. I refer to the "clay eaters," as these people are usually called, a class so distinctive that they may without exaggeration be spoken of as a race, so widely are they separated in the matters of social customs, education, and manner of living from all other classes of people in America.

In the mountain ridges of North Carolina and the northwestern part of Georgia the clay eater lives to-day in the same state of civilization that his ancestors did a hundred and fifty years ago, when—the majority of them being English fugitives from justice—they sought refuge in these mountains. To a student in ethnology these people, who must in no way be confounded with the ordinary rural population of the Southern States, offer a most interesting study.

As excessive cigarette smoking leaves its indelible marks on its victim, and the effect of alcoholism is transmitted from father to child, so the dominating habit of these strange people, which has given them their name, has branded them to such an extent that having once seen a clay eater it is impossible to ever mistake one. Instead of the sturdy, red-faced farmer, buoyant with health and strength and vigor, that one meets on every side in the Southern mountains, one suddenly comes upon a man or woman with face so worn and haggard, so cadaverous in its ashy whiteness, that it sends a shudder

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

through one's very soul. Pityingly one inquires among the neighbors the nature of the illness from which the unfortunate being one has just met is suffering.

A little inquiry, however, among the mountaineers reveals some appalling facts. The cadaverous-looking individual is not a sufferer either in his own eyes or in those of his neighbors. He is simply a clay eater.

For the sake of definition it may be well to state that the expression "clay eater" is not a figurative one; it means literally what the term implies—one who eats clay. This definition, however simple, carries weight with it when it is taken into consideration that these beings make a regular practice of dining upon kaolin; not in tiny fragments merely, but in great pieces, which they munch almost continually, and with apparently as great relish as the ordinary girl does a box of French bon-bons.

It has sometimes been asked by those who have come only casually into contact with these strange people if they do not merely chew the clay, as the other mountaineers chew tobacco, or the average small boy chews gum. But no; the clay eater literally *eats* clay, swallowing it with great gusto and apparent enjoyment, an adult of this class sometimes devouring a pound of clay daily. Whole families have the habit. From the father and even grandfather—if the latter has chanced to survive—down to the white-faced, emaciated little two-year-old child who cries for his share, they all eat clay regularly and eagerly.

This depraved taste fixes itself upon these people in early childhood, and as they grow older the habit becomes stronger and stronger, until finally it seems an utter impossibility for them to break off. This habit is said by those who have lived among the clay eaters for any length of time, and who have attempted to treat them scientifically, to be more powerful than the whiskey, opium, morphine, cocaine, or any other vicious habit yet known. Undoubtedly heredity has much to do with it, and the clay-eating habit, or the love for it, is transmitted from generation to generation with singular precision.

A clay eater has about him distinctive marks which set him apart from the rest of humanity as unquestionably as the marks of leprosy condemn its victim to isolation among the unclean. The countenance of a clay eater has a cast of its own, which can be described by no other word than unearthly, reminding one more of "a death's head with a bone in the mouth" than anything else. Even the little children have peculiar, large eyes, set deep in the head, and accentuated by high, "skinny" cheek-bones. Their eyes lack lustre, and they glare with leaden stupidity from the cadaverous hollows. Beneath their eyes there are always great purple-black shadows, a characteristic noticeable even in young infants of clay-eating people.

Instead of the fresh pink and white complexions usually possessed by the other mountaineer women of the section—in youth at least—the skin of the clay-eating women, as well as that of the men, has changed to a gray-white, and falls in folds beneath their eyes and about their necks. Deep wrinkles radiate from their mouths and corrugate their faces in every conceivable direction.

The clay eaters usually live in little settlements of two or three—sometimes half a dozen—families, in enforced isolation from the rest of the mountaineers, for these simple folk, crude as they are in their own manner of living, look down upon the clay eater as the pariah of the universe. Even the half-savage moonshiner, the outlaw of the Southern mountains, regards with mingled pity and contempt his clay-eating neighbor. Nevertheless, the despised clay eater is not without social instincts, and these strange people have their own forms of rude entertainment to which only members of their class—other clay eaters—are invited. Naturally, as the result of the aloofness which the other members of the rural mountain population have maintained, intermarriage prevails to a large extent among the clay eaters, which may account in some measure for the physical degeneration to which I have referred.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A TYPICAL CLAY EATER'S FAMILY.

There are frequent visits from one settlement of clay eaters to another, usually across dozens of miles of the roughest mountain country without road or pathway, where it would seem impossible for any one without the instinct of direction of the savage or lower animal to find a way.

Each of these settlements is always located near a peculiar geological formation. Instead of the usual red clay which characterizes the soil of the mountain and hill region of this section of country, there are occasional apparently spasmodic "breaks" in the land formation, where a radical change takes place for a short distance in the character of the soil and vegetation. The clay gives up its red hue and takes on a loamy whiteness, interspersed with sand-beds. It is this white clay which is devoured by the clay eaters, not—as is sometimes supposed—the red variety so common throughout the section. The white clay is of a peculiar consistency, soft and rather oily to the touch, and being found only in certain localities is comparatively rare. It is said to contain arsenic, thus accounting for the force of the habit upon those who have acquired the taste for it, as well as for its peculiarly detrimental effect upon the system.

The clay eaters occasionally hold festivals or give "dinings" among themselves, the menu of which is largely made up of clay, supplemented in summer by berries, or perhaps a "pone" of the coarsest corn bread, and always by a jug of "moonshine" corn whiskey.

These beings make no attempt at regular work. They eke out an existence in winter by selling kindling wood in the nearest town or village; during the summer the most energetic pick and sell blackberries and "huckleberries," which grow in profusion in this region. A few of the clay eaters own oxen—hardy mountain "steers"—and a pair of these attached to a rude, home-made nondescript sort of vehicle containing an entire clay-eating family—father and mother and numerous cadaverous children—in their strange attire, or rather lack of conventional attire, is a familiar sight to those living in certain sections of the South.

The home of the clay eater, if such his dwelling-place can be called, usually consists of a log cabin, or rather pen, made of unplaned pine saplings of irregular size, through the cracks and interstices of which the sun pours in summer and the mountain wind whistles in winter. It is customary for a mountaineer to daub the openings be-

A CLAY EATER'S CABIN.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tween the logs in his cabin with clay, but the reason for the absence of this in a clay eater's cabin can easily be surmised. The windows consist always of small openings in the wall, where a portion of one or two logs has been rudely sawed away. These "windows" are guiltless not only of glass panes, but even of wooden shutters; when it rains, or the wind is more than usually fierce and cutting, these holes in the wall are stuffed with old rags and pieces of clothing.

I have never seen a clay eater's home that was not a squalid den. The plank floor, laid directly on the ground, is usually broken in many places, through which the green mould oozes up into the cabin. Of furniture there is none except a crude apology for a bed—a home-made wooden frame—covered with a "corn-shuck mattress," also home-made. A pile of corn-cobs in one corner, sometimes covered with pine straw, usually serves as the sleeping-place for the numerous children of the family.

In winter the gloomy interior is cheered somewhat by a blaze of pine knots in the enormous fireplace which occupies almost one entire side of the cabin. This flickering red blaze throws strong lights and weird, dark shadows, transforming the squalid scene into a Rembrandt picture of genuine though grotesque beauty. A clay eater always has one, and usually several, lean, half-starved mongrel dogs, which quarrel and snarl with the children over the possession of such scraps of coarse food as fall to their share, and often even divide with them lumps of the white, greasy clay beloved of the family, and for which, strange to say, even the unfortunate dogs seem to have acquired a taste.

Clay eaters are usually reticent creatures, particularly in regard to the manner in which they first acquired their depraved taste, the love of clay eating; but when under the beneficent influence of a gift of chewing tobacco or a new jack-knife they will sometimes wax eloquent upon the subject of their personal lives, history, and their genealogy. Once when forced to seek refuge from a heavy rain-storm, in a clay-eater's cabin, and surprised at the number of people already in the cabin, I asked my host if several of them were not visitors. He replied:

"No, jes' my own fambly. Thar's my wife, which are named Molly Ann; an' thar's my daughter Sairy an' her husban' Tom an' their baby; an' thar's my son Jim an' his wife Susan and their two chillun; an' thar's the res' o' my own brats, which is six more; an' here's me, which are Thomas Samuel Johnson, called Sam fur short—" and the old man stopped suddenly to drag back into the cabin one of the children who had rushed out into the rain, and to cuff it soundly.

CHILDREN EATING CLAY.

Think of that—six grown people and nine children all living in one room scarcely more than twelve feet square! Thus they exist, whole families of all ages and both sexes herding together—eating, sleeping, being born, marrying, and dying in one squalid pen.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

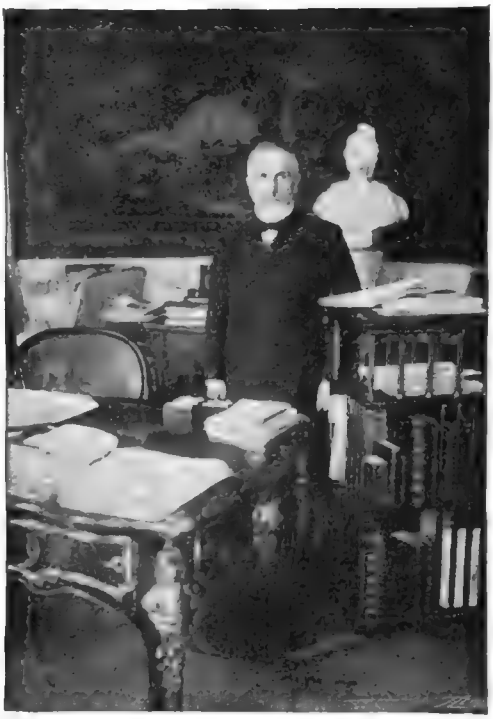
M. LOUBET.

(PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.)

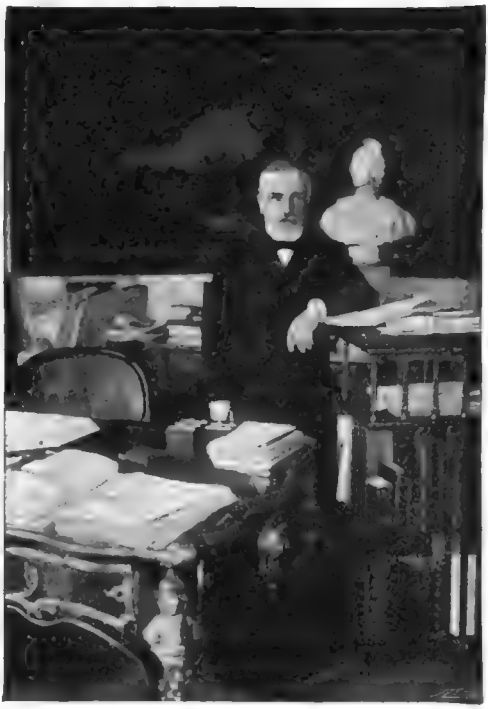
BON JOUR, MONSIEUR! I UNDERSTAND YOU WISH TO "SNAPSHOT" ME? IS THAT HOW YOU CALL IT?

BUT YOU WILL PARDON MY CONTINUING MY WORK.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

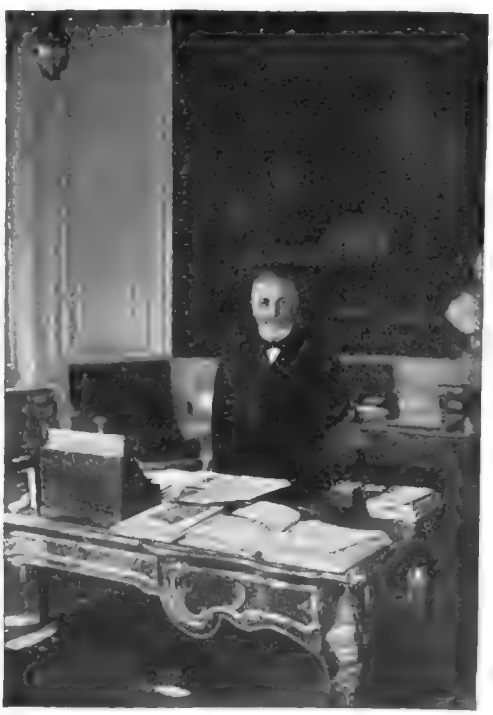


IT IS THE FIRST TIME I HAVE BEEN HONORED BY A SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FROM AMERICA.



HAD I TIME I WOULD GRANT YOU MORE FACILITY, BUT I AM VERY BUSY.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF ME AWAY FROM MY TABLE! WITH PLEASURE.



GOOD-DAY, MONSIEUR.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE GIRLS OF RUSSIA.

By Darley Dale.

A PEASANT GIRL OF LITTLE RUSSIA.

There are few European countries in which the difference in the habits and customs of the rich and poor is so strongly marked as in Russia, and although, since the emancipation of the serfs in 1876, the relations between the two classes have undergone a great change, and the position of the peasantry has improved enormously, there is still so wide a gulf fixed between them, that in writing of Russian girls it is necessary to say at the outset we are here speaking entirely of the upper classes, except when the peasants are specially mentioned.

In character the difference is less marked. There is an old proverb which says, "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," which in this connection might be altered into, "Scratch off the French polish and you will find a Russian girl." Outwardly the Russian society girl is more French than Russian; she speaks French as well and as often as she speaks Russian; she has all her best gowns and hats from Paris, and adopts all the French fashions; she is subject also to many of the restrictions of French girls and does not enjoy so much liberty as American, English, or German girls; the chaperon plays a considerable and very important part in her life.

Under all this French veneer, however, the Russian character, though in some respects it resembles the French, remains unchanged; French influence, though considerable, is superficial; it is only skin deep; it scarcely touches the inner life.

As children, Russian girls, and boys too for that matter, are charming; they see a great deal of their parents, and mix with their elders as our own children do, and in a room full of grown-up people will talk and enjoy themselves without shyness or forwardness. To the natural grace of childhood they add the charm of the power of conversation which they have acquired from intercourse with their elders; this makes them very interesting, but it has its drawbacks. At fifteen or sixteen a Russian girl has often sufficient knowledge of the world to have very few illusions left; these are often the brightest jewels in youth's crown, and its golden setting faith in human nature.

Although Russian girls are born actresses, as children they are natural and unaffected; they expect to be treated as rational beings, not as dolls, and are quite of opinion that "it takes a wise man to make a fool;" in other words, that if nonsense is talked to them, it must be clever nonsense, or they will have none of it.

Strong family affection is a characteristic of domestic life in Russia, and as the children grow up they are generally excellent friends with their parents, and their relations to each other are very cordial, and marked with equality rather than authority on the parents' side or submission on that of the children. Few rules are made and fewer

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

still observed; but though there is a good deal of disorder in Russian home life, there is also much good feeling between mothers and daughters. Parents and children are emphatically what the French call *bons camarades*.

At the same time, the young people are not wanting in respect to their elders; indeed, one of the most pleasing traits in a Russian girl's character is her courtesy and deference to her elders, more particularly to those of her own sex; she is not always so polite or considerate towards men.

Formerly in Russia the intercourse between girls and men in the upper ranks was so much restricted that it often happened a man did not even see his bride until after they were betrothed; but their customs in this respect, though still more French than American, are much more like those of other countries now. The men and girls of the upper classes have still far fewer opportunities of meeting and knowing each other than the peasantry, whose amusements as well as their work throw them together, while a girl of gentle birth never goes out without a chaperon, who keeps a very sharp eye on her.

SPRING IN GREAT RUSSIA.

This system of surveillance may be partly responsible for one very grave fault in the character of Russian girls—they are inclined to evasiveness. It has also given rise to one very strange custom, quite unknown, we believe, in any other country, and is not at all to be imitated, as it sometimes leads to very odd complications. If a Russian girl wishes to study at any of the universities which now admit women, etiquette does not allow her to do so until she is married; so she goes through the civil ceremony of marriage with a man student whom very probably she has never seen before, and this marriage is quite legal, though perhaps they may never speak to each other again. On the other hand, if they like each other and wish it, they are married for life; if they don't, the marriage is dissolved when their university course is run, and they are free to marry some one else.

SOME RUSSIAN URCHINS.

The celebrated mathematician, Sonya Ko-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

valevski, whose autobiography attracted so much notice a few years ago, and who was as phenomenal a Russian girl as Marie Bashkirtseff, went through one of these marriage ceremonies with a student whom she then saw for the first time, and who afterwards became her husband.

Russian girls, however, do not often crave for knowledge, and have very few modern ideas about women's rights; the rights they care most for are to be courted and treated with respect and the deference due to them, and without any great efforts on their part their position is acknowledged as by no means inferior, though different, from that enjoyed by men.

They are never masculine or mannish; but with the wisdom of the serpent, if not with the harmlessness of the dove, they strive to cultivate all feminine virtues and qualities, for their great idea is to charm and please. To this end they believe they were created; instinct teaches them they are more likely to succeed in their endeavor, one which, unless carried to excess, is a very legitimate aim, by being womanly rather than by imitating men.

With a shrewdness born of woman's quick perception they have grasped what some of their more intellectual sisters have failed to understand, that woman's real power lies in her own nature, not in aping man.

A RUSSIAN SOCIETY GIRL.

A typical Russian girl is good-tempered, gay, kind-hearted, considerate to her inferiors, affable, fickle, emotional, and rather artificial; but what is not natural in her is very transparent, and is intended to charm rather than to deceive. As there is a marked individuality among them, some of these qualities will be found to predominate in one girl, and others in another; speaking generally, the layer of French polish covers a very complex Slav character, and the ideal of most of the girls is to be a wife and mother rather than "a new woman."

There is not much poetry in their composition, and they have very little sense of humor; but they have a superficial kind of sympathy, which enables them to adapt their conversation to any age or mood, and to catch the prevailing tone of the passing hour. They are often brilliant conversationalists, and thoroughly understand *l'art de raconter*. They are very fond of society, and delight in social intercourse, which is their principal amusement; for only those who have English friends or acquaintances, or who have come under English influence, play any out-door games.

They are excellent linguists; French is the language of court and society, and besides Russian, which they speak in ordinary intercourse with their relations, in shops, and to servants, they often speak modern Greek to Greek servants, and a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Russian *patois* to others. They read English and German, and very often speak both these languages, which they learn from English and German governesses, whom they generally have for a year or two, in addition to the French governess, who is a regular member of a Russian family of any distinction.

Reading is one of their favorite occupations, and besides being well acquainted with the works of their own great authors, they are often exceedingly well read in English, French, and German literature, at least in the fiction and poetry of those countries.

They are, nevertheless, very practical, and are fond of domestic duties; but they are not good needlewomen, and care but little for fancy work, in which the peasant girls are very clever. They are fond of dress; what girls are not? Russian girls are very fashionable, getting all their best clothes from Paris; but they send to England for choicest perfumes, scented soaps, and other toilet necessaries, in all of which they are very extravagant. In appearance they are remarkable for their pallor—they have not a scrap of color in their cheeks. Their type of countenance is rather heavy; they generally, though some are fair, have dark eyes and hair, and are intelligent-looking; and very often, though naturally so gay and light-hearted, there is a look of melancholy in their faces, a sweet yet sad expression which is not without its charm. Their religion, that of the Russian Orthodox Church, plays a very important part in their lives, but of its influence this is not the place to speak. One very odd custom, according to American ideas, may be mentioned here, and that is, on Christmas Eve, when they all go to midnight mass, they go in evening dress—officers in full uniform, civilians in ordinary dress clothes, and girls in low dresses and short sleeves; and the display of jewellery on these occasions is said to be magnificent.

ONE OF GREAT RUSSIA'S CHILDREN.

In Little Russia, when a girl dies, her funeral is made as like a wedding as possible; a bridegroom is chosen from among her acquaintances, if she is not betrothed, and he attends her to the grave; she is dressed as a bride, and the bridegroom and the guests are in wedding attire, and from that time her family consider him as a relative, and he is looked upon as a widower. These old customs, however, are dying out, and are only found in country places. In Petersburg and Moscow the customs differ but little, especially among the upper classes, from those in other European cities.

The habit of smoking cigarettes is universal among Russian ladies. Girls, perhaps, are not so given to it as married women; but at a Russian dinner-party it is the custom for men and women all to light up between the courses. They all make their own cigarettes, and just take a few whiffs and then throw them away. A Russian girl rolls up a cigarette as skilfully and as constantly as a Spanish girl uses her fan; to do so is part of the by-play of her life.

In winter, ice *fêtes* form a favorite amuse-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE KREMLIN, THE CITADEL OF MOSCOW.

ment; these festivals are very brilliant, particularly if any of the grand duchesses are expected to grace them with their presence. The space on the ice devoted to the *fête* is enclosed with a wall made of ice-blocks; scarlet tents, luxuriously fitted up as boudoirs and refreshment-rooms, are erected; tree-like shrubs are carried on to the ice in wooden barrels, and the whole is illuminated with electric light, while Bengal lights throw different shades of color on the scene.

The girls and their chaperons are beautifully dressed in colored velvet gowns and coats trimmed with beautiful furs; the younger people dance, or rather skate, quadrilles and waltzes, to the band, which is protected from the cold by a wooden pavilion heated with stoves. It all looks like fairyland under the star-lit sky. Russian girls skate well, of course; they also dance beautifully, and are very fond of both amusements.

They have, too, a good many indoor games with which they beguile the long winter evenings; one of the most popular of these is called *gorelki*. For this game there must be one more man than girls; the men then each choose a partner, and they stand in couples, one behind the other, in the middle of the room, the man who has not succeeded in getting a partner at the head.

He then gives a signal, and the couple behind him separate, rush past him, and try to join each other again before he catches the lady; if he succeeds, her partner takes his place; if he fails, the next couple follow the example of the first, and so on till he gets a partner; he generally succeeds in catching the lady he wishes for as his partner.

Games form a great feature in the lives of the peasant girls, both in summer and winter, on the many holidays of the Church; indeed the choral dances, called the *khorovods*, which are a kind of game, are a regular national institution. They are held in the village street in summer, on holidays, when the girls, dressed in their best, with flowers in their hair, make a large circle and join hands and dance and sing; sometimes there will be two of these circles in one street, which approach and retire from each other, dancing and singing, while the older people look on. When the girls are tired of their own society, they invite the lads to join them, and they dance and sing together, acting little dramas. They have songs and games appropriate to the different seasons; one favorite theme, which seems to be always

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in season as a subject of these games, is wife-beating.

In the winter, when the evenings grow dark and long, they have another institution, called *posidyelki*, from a word meaning to sit a while; the village girls take their work to some chosen cottage and spend two or three hours spinning, knitting, or doing some kind of needle-work, laughing and talking or singing as they work. Two hours before supper the youths appear on the scene, and this is a signal to put away the work and take to playing games, or dancing and singing to the music of reed-pipes and beating time with their feet.

These parties last sometimes all night, when the girls are taken home by their lovers. They wear on these occasions red stuff petticoats, and low, thin white bodices with short sleeves, colored handkerchiefs on their necks, and earrings and necklaces of glass beads, and a sort of coronet of glass beads on their heads.

Peasant girls wear their hair in one long, thick plait hanging down their backs; this plait is called the *kosa*, and is a source of great pride to them. It is decorated on holidays with flowers or ribbons, and is a girl's chief ornament, for it is not worn after marriage, and it plays rather an important part in the pre-nuptial ceremonies at a peasant girl's wedding.

On the eve of the wedding-day the bride has a girl's party; all her unmarried friends meet at her house and spend the evening with her, condoling with her on leaving her parents, and looking at her presents and trousseau. As soon as it is dark the candles are lighted, and a particular kind of cake, called *karavai*, and the inevitable bread and salt, which plays so conspicuous a part in all Russian ceremonies, are brought in.

When these have been partaken of, the bride is led to a raised seat, and the ceremony of unplaiting her *kosa* and combing it is gone through; it is then replaited, tied up with blue ribbons, and sold to the highest bidder among the young men present.

The girls then sing marriage songs of a melancholy character; supper follows, after which they go home till the next morning, when they return to dress the bride.

All Russian brides wear a marriage-crown on the wedding-day, which varies in value according to the rank and position of the bride; sometimes for a rich bride it is of gold, sometimes of silver-gilt. The peasants' crowns are of pasteboard covered with gold paper. Most Russian girls, gentle or simple, look upon marriage as the end for which they were created, and the marriage-crown is coveted by all of them.

IDOLATRY.

High o'er the meaner dust around it lying,
A wondrous statue stood;
A dream in stone of Genius deifying
The grace of womanhood.

And low before it, bent in adoration,
A pale youth knelt alone,
And stretched his hands in yearning supplication
Towards the unheeding stone.

Then came another, and, with rude strength taking
The statue from its place,
Left the youth kneeling still, his fond heart breaking,
Before the empty base.

Night fell, and, as the shadows closed around him,
He laid his weary head
Where it had stood; the sunbeams came and found him
Smiling at Fate—and dead.

Levin Carnac.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Repentant Rogue

By E. M. Dell.

CHAPTER I.

When Jimmie McKoy died, he bequeathed his mansion on North Shore, his founders' shares in the Great Poobah Gold Mining Company, and the respectable sum of $1,250,000, invested entirely in Colonial stocks, to his "only and beloved child" Victoria Marie McKoy. Jimmie was a child of fortune, a man obviously born lucky; yet his sole pride was in the fact that he was born Colonial.

He was a democrat—not by force of opinion, but by birth. Jimmie the drover and James McKoy, Esq., the millionaire, were identically the same—true to the same love, the same friends, the same prejudices, and the same "Derby" plug tobacco.

Victoria Marie was a lady. She had been well educated by divers teachers. She could play "Home, Sweet Home" with variations, not only absolutely correctly, but with a feeling which could disturb no conversation. She had read "Trilby" and "The Woman Who Did." She rode a bicycle, and refused to take advantage of the voting paper presented to her by a maternal government. She was the richest heiress in Australasia.

Society was charmed, enraptured.

Society would have been shocked had it known that the talented heiress who could play "Home, Sweet Home" with unfeeling correctness through all variations could also play such unseemly ballads as "The Old Gray Hoss," "The Young Stockman," and "Drink, Boys, Drink," with an abandon, a rollicking sympathy, that would have made her fortune in a back-block saloon, where unwashed bushmen would have given their souls or the last cent in their pockets for "one more song, Missy, just one, and then we'll be good and go home—won't we, boys?"

Society, lynx-eyed, could not peer into that wardrobe where hung certain exotic masculine garments which the vulgar term riding breeches; nor, had Society seen them, would she in any way have connected them with a certain rider who loved to gallop o' nights over the rough country stretching between the city and the harbor heads.

CHAPTER II.

It was at Mrs. Boughtem's garden party that Victoria Marie met Cyril Fitzherbert.

His raven black hair, worn rather long; his small, but artistically drooping, moustaches; his olive complexion, that told of the inherited fire and passion of warmer Southern blood than the hyperborean fluid of his father's; and, above all, his pale blue eyes, with which he often gazed intently at nothing, showed, so the ladies said, that there was a secret, doubtless a romantic one, in his past life.

"I must introduce you to our heiress, Miss McKoy," said Mrs. Boughtem.

"Is that she?" asked Mr. Fitzherbert, fixing his blue eyes on the identical young lady.

"Yes," said his hostess wonderingly; "how did you guess?"

"I do not know," he replied, speaking in a low, far-away voice. "She is not beautiful—not to the mere outward eye—but, to those who look beyond the physical outline, there is a depth, a soul, a character—but what am I saying?"

His voice changed as if he had awaked from some pleasant dream to the reality of a mundane existence, and he continued with artless lightness:

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I had no idea she was your heiress, though I was anxious to be introduced to her. Still, it would be mere æsthetic folly to say that the possession of a certain number of golden coins could in any way spoil my ideal."

"My dear Victoria," cried Mrs. Boughtem, after the ceremony of introduction had been duly enacted, "I must leave Mr. Fitzherbert with you. I know you will look after him well, you dear girl, and really I must—I *must* attend on His Excellency. He has not had a cup of tea this afternoon. Positively he must be thirsty—such a hot afternoon — and wearing a frock coat!"

Strange to say, though he never spoke of them to Mrs. Boughtem, Mr. Fitzherbert's talk to Victoria was always of out-door pastimes, of hunting, shooting, boating, tennis, and bicycling.

"YOU MUST CALL ON US," SHE SAID EAGERLY.

Of all and each he had little narratives—accounts of simple adventures—in which, if he happened to be the hero, small stress was laid on the exploit; but if a friend had the first place, then no eulogium of his courage and presence of mind was too long.

Victoria was no ignoramus in the arts he spoke of, and listening to each incident as he narrated it, she was struck by the semblance of truth in the stories.

He recounted nothing impossible; no extraordinary leaps, miraculous shots, prodigious record-breakings. Everything was kept within small and seemly bounds.

She began to admire him, not so much for the things he had done, as for the truth with which he retailed them. To her surprise she felt sorry when the thinning crowd on the lawn told her it was time to depart.

"You must call on us," she said eagerly; "my aunt will be delighted to see you, and I—I should like you to have a look at my horses."

"How do you like him?" whispered Mrs. Boughtem to her when she went to say good-by.

"Very much," said Victoria honestly.

The object of this encomium was meanwhile being ferried across the harbor to the city, and there was an anxious look on his face, suiting neither the æsthete nor the sportsman.

CHAPTER III.

THE shortest road to friendship runs over a common land. Victoria Marie and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Cyril soon discovered this. Both were interested—Cyril it appeared deeply—in all the mysteries of horseflesh, and in a mutual exchange of confidences on that prosaic subject they sealed an agreement of comradeship—that word, rather than friendship, defining the good fellowship which for the first few days existed between them.

They went over the stables together, interviewing numerous grooms and "helps" with business-like earnestness. They rode together, Victoria ridiculing the idea of an attendant groom as an entirely unnecessary appendage in the colonies. They drove together, and Cyril's masterly handling of a pair of rather wild colts awakened a feeling of deep admiration in the heiress.

Without understanding, she admired also the culture and ready flow of his talk, which differed from the priggishness she generally attributed to young Englishmen. Perhaps she was willing to take the reality of his learning for granted now that he had shown himself a master of those arts which she did understand.

For the first three days practically nothing worthy of note occurred. They met every day, and spent so many of the twenty-four hours together that beyond sleeping elsewhere Cyril was domiciled at the North Shore mansion.

Of course, the proprieties were maintained by the presence at lunch and dinner of Victoria's aunt, Mrs. Lisle, and as Society in the person of Mrs. Boughtem had determined on the advisability of a match between the two young people they were allowed to pursue their dual loneliness undisturbed.

By the fourth day so strong had their acquaintance grown that Cyril, arriving, as usual, early in the morning, brought with him a birthday book.

"A friend of mine," he explained negligently, "has sent me this from home, and, as I have no names in it yet, I thought I should like you to be the first to write your name in it, if you will be so kind."

The book was really very pretty. It was almost as large as a photograph album, and the cardboard pages were hand painted with illustrations of the Seasons, the Graces, Cupids, and many other pretty devices. Under each date a little space was cut in the cardboard, and a piece of light green colored paper inserted for the name to be written on.

"I have never seen a birthday book like this before," said Victoria.

"It is a new fashion," replied Cyril. "The thing is rather cumbersome, but it is pretty, and possessed of the best nineteenth-century virtue—novelty."

He opened the book and laid it on the table.

"How funny!" said Victoria. "You have opened it at my birthday. Is that lucky?"

He blushed in a most unnecessary way as he handed her a pen.

"I hope so," he murmured.

She had taken the pen, and, sitting at the table, was preparing to write, while he stood at her side, watching the operation seriously, when a new difficulty presented itself.

"How shall I sign?" she asked, looking at him with a perplexity which, if she had been a pretty girl, might have been suspected for coquetry. "To my best friends"—she accented the words—"I always sign my full name, but to acquaintances or on checks I merely put Victoria M. It saves time, you see."

To her surprise he reddened—a suspiciously angry color—and stretching out his hand took hold of the book.

"Do not sign at all," he cried abruptly; "I would rather you did not."

Victoria was hurt. Innocently she had wished to show him her friendship by the harmless ruse of her two signatures, but now she pushed his hand aside impetuously.

"I will sign," she said, her face suffused with a ruddier glow than his own; "you asked me to, so I will."

With every sign of impatience she dashed off her signature—Victoria Marie McKoy.

"There!" she cried, throwing aside the pen petulantly.

Though the incident was not again mentioned, she noticed all day that he was quieter, altogether less exuberant than usual. Sometimes, too, she caught him looking at her with an expression that she could not

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

understand—an expression of penitence rather than of anger.

He went away earlier that evening, taking with him the book, which she had grown positively to hate. When he had gone, she put on her hat, and, to escape the weariness of a *tête-à-tête* with her aunt, determined to go for a walk.

She had not walked far when, at the corner of a road where a benighted oil lamp was showing a feeble and flickering light, she saw Cyril standing and talking to a strange man. She drew back in the shadow of the paling fence which bounded the footpath; not that she wished to play eavesdropper to their conversation, but with a nervous feeling that, if he saw her, Cyril would think that she had followed him.

It was not till she stood still that she found she could plainly hear all that they said. She would have crept away, but having heard a few words she was tempted —and listened.

The stranger—a tall man with a big moustache, which he negligently twisted between his forefingers and thumb while he spoke—was talking.

"My dear Cyril"—it was the voice of a gentleman—"there must be no more delay. I am getting too old—really, you know, I am fifty—to be as impatient as a youth. Still, I am not stagnant with age."

"I tell you," said Cyril, interrupting him, "that I must get the other signature. Victoria Marie is no good. We must have Victoria M., as you know."

The mention of her name was a surprise, but not so great a one as Cyril's lie about the signature. Victoria in her hiding place gasped with astonishment.

"Very well, my dear friend," replied the stranger, twirling his moustache still more vigorously, "I shall trust you till the eighth day; this is the fourth. We know each other, dear boy. We are comrades in sorrow, friends in need—what is the proverb, eh? But if you play me false—well, I do not like double dealings between partners. It is as if a man struck me in the back. I should feel justified in retaliating in the same way. A tooth for a tooth,

"HOW FUNNY!" SAID VICTORIA. "YOU HAVE OPENED IT AT MY BIRTHDAY. IS THAT LUCKY?"

eh? That's in the Bible. Yes, better to wait in a dark road—how would this do?—wait till he passed you, and then— It is very simple. It is a code of honor I learnt in the service. We might cheat them ashore to our heart's content. "Up anchor and away" was our motto; but between messmates no lies, no subterfuges, unless you wanted to leave the ship and the service and go to the devil without a friend. It is always so between gentlemen, is it not?"

His soft, bland voice became inaudible to the listener, and as the men disappeared in the darkness up the road, Victoria stepped out from the shadow and stood looking after them.

"That is a dangerous man," she said determinedly; "but he sha'n't hurt Cyril. My word, he sha'n't!"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHAPTER IV.

THE eighth day mentioned by the stranger, and not forgotten by Victoria, had come. It had indeed nearly gone by, for at nine o'clock in the evening Cyril and Victoria were in the billiard-room, apparently engrossed in scoring the required hundred. Cyril had earlier in the evening made several attempts to leave, but Victoria, with unusual denseness, had refused to understand the plainest hints which he let drop, and had at last practically commanded him to follow her to the billiard-room, thus escaping the sleeping espionage of Mrs. Lisle in the drawing-room. The game was finished; Cyril had run out with a break of thirty-five—scoring far more rapidly than in any previous game with Victoria.

He put his cue carefully into the rack, and flicking some chalk stains off his coat remarked casually, "I must really be off; I have an appointment."

"With the tall gentleman with the big moustache?" said Victoria gently.

"How do you know?" cried Cyril in astonishment.

For answer Victoria methodically put aside her cue, and sitting down on the settee patted the seat at her side with a quietly suggestive motion.

"You will come and tell me everything," she said.

He sat down, leaning forward, with his elbows resting on his knees, and his hands clasped.

"It is better not," he replied, moodily eyeing the pattern on the linoleum carpetting.

She leaned forward, and taking his hands in hers, unclasped them; then releasing one, she held the other in both of hers.

Their heads were close together, and her wavy brown hair—her one pride and beauty—brushed his temples.

There was no need to speak loud.

"You will tell me everything," she reiterated softly.

"You know part of it," he answered huskily; "you've guessed somehow that I love you"—she pressed his hand—"and I wish you hadn't. You see I'm—I'm a scamp, a rogue, and a cheat."

He pulled his hand from hers almost roughly and continued excitedly: "I'm not fit for you to touch. I've been in jail. I'm a hardened criminal. I ought not rightly to be able to love any one, and no one should love me. My name isn't Fitzherbert, it's Brown—Cyril Brown."

"I am glad it is still Cyril," she interrupted. "I love Cyril."

"Oh, that is nothing—not the name," he went on passionately. "I came here to swindle you, to rob you. Look here."

He took something out of his pocket and handed it to her without turning his head.

It was a piece of folded paper, and when she opened it she disclosed a check—a check on her bank—for $50,000. The signature, unmistakable and clear, was hers—Victoria Marie McKoy.

"This is not a forgery," she said, hesitating over the ugly word.

"No," he replied, dropping his voice to a whisper; "you signed it in that birthday book."

"I understand," she said thoughtfully.

She understood his hesitation at last, his regret on that day, and she remembered the lie he had told to the stranger.

She held the check in her hands for a moment, regarding it thoughtfully; then, bidding him wait for her, she hurried from the room.

She was not long away, and when she returned, she found him sitting as she had left him.

"See here," she said, speaking hurriedly, as one who wishes to pass quickly over an unpleasant tale, "I've put my private mark, like a tadpole, in that thing. They will cash it now; they wouldn't have before. You will go halves with the stranger, I suppose; still, with $25,000, you can leave him and—and live honestly. Of course I—I will never tell."

She leaned against the table, looking at him with an expression of expectation rather than of the finality her words depicted.

He looked carelessly at the check she

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

held out to him, hardly as one would expect a seedy adventurer to regard a small fortune thus absolutely offered to him. Then taking it in his hands he tore it into tiny pieces and threw them on the floor.

"You forget that I love you," he said.

He moved towards the door, but though her eyes followed him she never stirred. As he opened the door, he turned and looked her full in the face for the first time during that talk.

"It was a repentant rogue that loved you," he said sadly. "Good-by."

She nodded her head with a gesture of parting just as if it had been one of the preceding uneventful nights.

"*Au revoir*," she said.

She listened to him walking through the hall, and not till she heard the noise of the closing of the front door did she move. Then on tip-toe she ran after him. As he passed along the dark road, she followed, as she had listened that night, in the shadow of the fence. Underneath the solitary lamp the stranger was waiting, twisting his moustache, and tapping with his foot on the ground, as if he grew impatient.

"Ah!" he said sharply when Cyril joined him, "you are an hour late. No matter. Have you got it?"

"No," replied Cyril slowly, "I have not."

"Why?"

"Because she gave me the money—$50,000—and I gave it back to her."

"Ah! you mean that you have doubled on me."

"No, I mean that we will part."

"Very well."

She could see the heavy moustache lift and disclose the stranger's teeth. She knew the sign; the dog meant to bite.

"Very well, go. Go, my dear Cyril, to the devil. I will wait."

"IT WAS A REPENTANT ROGUE THAT LOVED YOU," HE SAID SADLY.

Cyril held out his hand.

"Let us part friends, Maxwell," he said with some emotion; "I cannot forget what we have gone through together."

"I cannot forget the kiss of Judas," replied the stranger, smiling again in his peculiar, wolfish way.

Cyril turned on his heel, and almost instantly the stranger putting his hand into his side pocket drew out something, and still with the same ugly smile lifted his hand.

There was a momentary flash of fire licking out into the darkness like a devil's tongue, the sharp report of a pistol; and the stranger, his hands raised to the pitiless heavens, his lips parted in their last snarl, spun round once and collapsed in the roadway a mere limp heap.

"You have killed him," whispered Cyril, gazing pale and awestruck at the thing at his feet.

"You forget that I love you," said Victoria Marie, and hiding her face on his breast she wept hysterically.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The *Giralda*, Mr. Harry McCalmont's steam yacht.

She is the most expensive pleasure craft afloat.

Photo by West & Sons.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE OF EVERYTHING.

By Charles Ray.

We are constantly being told that the present is an age of luxury above all other ages of the world's history; that people are more ready now to satisfy their desires for comfort and enjoyment than ever they were before, even during the voluptuous reigns of Persian monarchs or in the declining days of the Roman Empire. How far this is true, it is not for us to say, but an interesting light is thrown upon the subject by some facts which we have been able to collect of the expensive luxuries in which some people indulge to-day.

For instance, to the man whose only experience of steamboats is the cheap day trip to sea or up the river, $400,000 may seem an enormous sum to give for a private steam yacht.

This, however, was the sum paid by an Englishman, Major Harry McCalmont, for his superb pleasure boat, the *Giralda*. Not only is this a first-rate sea-going boat, but its appointments, both exterior and interior, are of the very highest class. No expense has been spared. The saloons are upholstered with all the luxury and beauty of a Fifth Avenue mansion; the decks and bridges and boats are immaculate; and the graceful hull looks as though it had only just been turned out by the ship-builders. Altogether the *Giralda* presents an appearance well worthy of the most expensive yacht in the world.

Of sailing yachts, the most costly built heretofore was the *Defender*, whose hull was of bronze and aluminium, but the new cup challenger recently built for Sir Thomas Lipton far exceeded the *Defender* in cost.

Photo by A. H. Megson.

"Ormskirk Emerald," a collie for which $6,500 was paid. He has won no fewer than forty-eight prizes at the chief dog shows of England.

It is believed by a large number of people that the most expensive railroad car is that of the Tsar of Russia. But such is not the case. Magnificent as is the railway carriage of the ruler of all the Russias, it really cannot be compared with the private car of a certain American millionaire. In this, the costliest silks and satins are used for upholstering purposes, the electric lamps and fittings are of solid silver, and gold enters largely into the scheme of decoration. In fact, this railroad

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photo by P. Hawke.

A game-cock worth over $2,500, which once fought for a stake of $200,000.

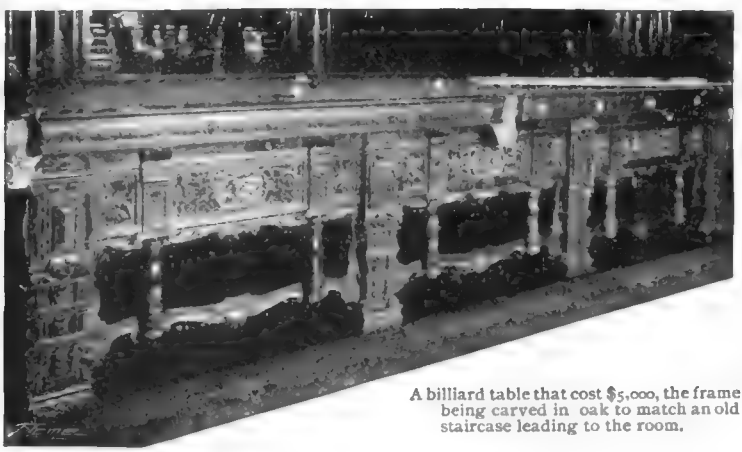
magnate's saloon seems to the ordinary traveller like a dream too splendid for realization.

Perhaps, after yachts and railway cars, the most expensive luxuries in which millionaires and multi-millionaires indulge are race-horses. One hundred and five thousand dollars was recently paid to Mr. John Gubbins, of Bruree, Ireland, for his famous horse "Galtee More."

But despite his great cost, "Galtee More" was not the most expensive horse that has ever been purchased. That honor belongs to the famous "Ormonde." This splendid animal, as will be remembered, belonged to the Duke of Westminster, who sold him to a South American gentleman for $105,000. Shortly afterward "Ormonde" was resold to Mr. Macdonogh, a Californian millionaire, for $150,000, realizing the highest price ever paid for a horse.

The most costly animal after the horse is the dog. Enormous sums have been paid by fanciers for what they considered to be really first-rate dogs. We publish a photograph of "Ormskirk Emerald," the most valuable collie ever reared. This dog has won no fewer than forty-eight prizes at the leading shows held in England. He is a sable, with half white collar, heavy frill, mane, and cape, profuse coat of good texture, and is described as being the nearest approach to the ideal ever yet produced. Mr. Megson, his owner, paid $6,500 for him. The same gentleman also paid $5,250 for another collie known as "Southport Perfection."

Coming to birds, one does not expect to find anything very expensive among the fowl variety, but here we meet with dis-



A billiard table that cost $5,000, the frame being carved in oak to match an old staircase leading to the room.

A piece of wall-paper that cost $5 a yard. The design is by one of our great artists.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Raphael's famous picture, known as the "Madonna degli Ansidei," purchased for the English National Gallery from the Marlborough family for $350,000.

The majority of our readers will probably be surprised to learn what a vast sum of money can be paid for a really choice wall-paper. In speaking of wall-papers, we are, of course, excluding silk and satin hangings. The most costly wall-paper ever designed is shown in the photograph which we publish. This paper is metalled and lacquered, the lacquer preventing the metal from becoming tarnished by the atmosphere. The paper, which, unlike the cheaper wall-papers, is hung horizontally, and not perpendicularly, is made in lengths of twelve yards, and costs not less than $60 per piece.

Such a cost seems enormous when one considers that the cheap wall-papers hung in cottages cost something like six to eight cents a piece! The designs, however, for these expensive papers are by the leading artists of the day, who receive heavy fees, and the cost of metalling and lacquering is really enormous, so that the profit on a illusionment. We give a portrait of the most perfect and at the same time most expensive game-cock ever reared. It is named "Peter Jackson," and its owner, Mr. Dick Haydon, of Plymouth, England, who is shown in the photograph, has refused $2,500 for the bird. On one occasion, some years ago, the bird fought for $200,000 to a pinch of snuff, a bet taken by a deceased nobleman from a young millionaire. The battle was fought with silver spurs, which may be seen on the cock in our photograph. Needless to say, "Peter Jackson" came out the victor.

In dealing with sport and recreation, we must not fail to mention the most costly billiard table ever made in any country of the world. It was built by Messrs. Thurston & Co., to the order of a wealthy English merchant. The table is of fumigated wainscot oak of Moresque design, with panelled ends moulded and sunk on handsome turned and quadruple shafts. The sides are panelled, and there are handsomely carved centres, the whole being made to match an old oak staircase leading to the room. The cost of the table was $5,000, and considering the work and quality, it is very cheap.

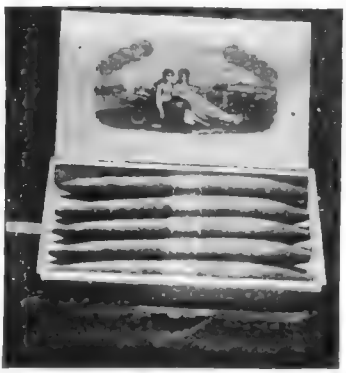
An etching by Constable, known as "Mrs. Pelham Feeding Chickens," sold for $2,231.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A bonnet made of the most exquisite tortoise-shell, presented by the natives of the Navigator Islands to Queen Victoria.

wall-paper sold at $5 per yard is, after all, not very great.

Ordinary hand-painted wall-papers cost anything from $10 to $20 a piece. Of course, these patterns are very thick, and have to be affixed to the wall with a solution of glue and paste. It is interesting to note, however, that very often the papers are mounted on calico and placed upon the wall in such a way that when the tenant moves to another house or flat, he may take this costly wall-paper with him.



A box of five cigars worth $25.

As readers are aware, paintings by old masters realize some very large sums of money. The most ever given for a picture was $350,000, paid by the British National Gallery for the famous altar piece of Raphael commonly known as the "Madonna degli Ansidei." It was purchased from the Servite Church of San Lorenzo, in 1674, by Lord Robert Spencer, who presented it to his eldest brother, the third Duke of Marlborough. It remained in the possession of the Marlborough family until 1885, when the then duke sold it for the sum named above to the National Gallery. We publish another picture, described as "Mrs. Pelham Feeding Chickens," of which an etching, sold recently, realized the highest price ever paid for an etching; it was by Constable, and the price paid was $2,231.

Photo by Bedford, Lemere & Co.

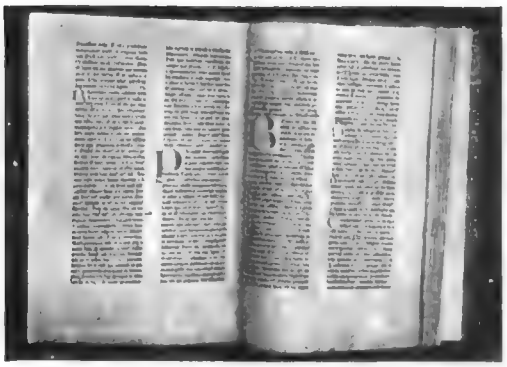
The famous "Red Dinner" given at the Savoy, London, to celebrate a great coup by two gentlemen at Monte Carlo.

Choice works of art invariably realize very high prices in these days. The beautiful Helicon Vase, presented to Queen Victoria by the Royal Household on the occasion of the 1887 Jubilee, cost no less than $25,000, being the highest price ever paid for a modern ornament of this kind. It was manufactured by Messrs. Elkington & Co., of Birmingham, and is of solid silver. The form of the design is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and on the body of the vase are medallions representing the nine Muses. Upon the pedestal are seated semi-draped figures representing Music and Poetry.

It will be difficult to realize that the plain-looking poke bonnet illustrated on this page is the most valuable lady's headgear in existence. It is made of thin plates of tortoise-shell, beautifully perfect, fastened together with string, and having an edging of common print. This strange bonnet

The rarest and most expensive stamp in the world, recently sold for $9,600.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The inside and

was sent as a present to Queen Victoria by the loyal natives of the Navigator Islands more than fifty years ago. It is not beautiful, and no wonder the Queen found herself unable to wear it. Her Majesty sent it to the British Museum, where it may now be seen in the Ethnographical Section. To have such a bonnet made to order from such a perfect tortoise-shell would probably cost something like $2,500 or $3,000. Of modern ladies' hats really intended for wearing purposes, a beautiful "Gainsborough," manufactured some time ago, is the most expensive; it cost $95.

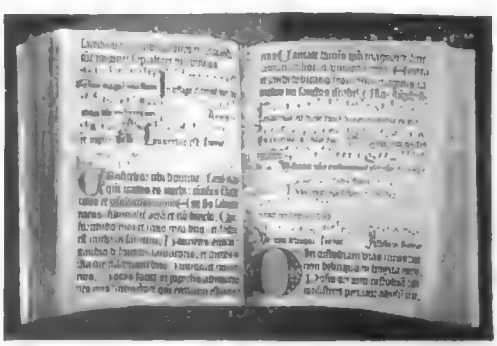
The outside of the Mazarin Bible in the British Museum. It is worth over $30,000, and there is but one other in the world.

Fur garments are always expensive. Not long ago one company manufactured a sable-lined opera cloak for a wealthy Chicago lady which cost no less than $5,000. The cloak was very beautiful, and the numerous Russian sables which formed the lining matched so admirably that no difference in color could be detected.

The same company also prepared the most expensive mantle that has ever been made. It was of velvet, and was flounced with Russian sable; the price was $4,600. A sable cape, manufactured some time ago, was sold for $4,000.

But it is not only for ladies that the fur stores prepare costly garments. A gentleman's overcoat was made recently for $2,000. The coat was completely lined with sable. A company that owns some of the most expensive furs in the world have a unique black-fox skin for which they gave $875, the largest sum ever given for such a skin.

Other ladies' garments have cost enormous sums of money. The Countess de Castellane, better known as Miss Anna Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, has just purchased the most expensive tea-gown ever turned out by the most expensive of Parisian modistes. It is of heliotrope velvet with a front of cream-colored *mousseline de soie*, and is trimmed with cascades of cream lace. The front is bordered with a most exquisite trimming of



The Mentz Psalter, bought by the British Museum for $30,000.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

white feathers caught here and there with diamond ornaments. For this tea-gown the Countess de Castellane paid $6,000.

Speaking of jewels, the most expensive ruby necklace was presented a short time ago to his bride by George W. Vanderbilt. It cost him over $500,000.

The ancient Roman Emperors are credited with having given some banquets at fabulous cost, but even in these days the gourmand does not hesitate to spend thousands of dollars in satisfying his appetite for dainty and costly dishes.

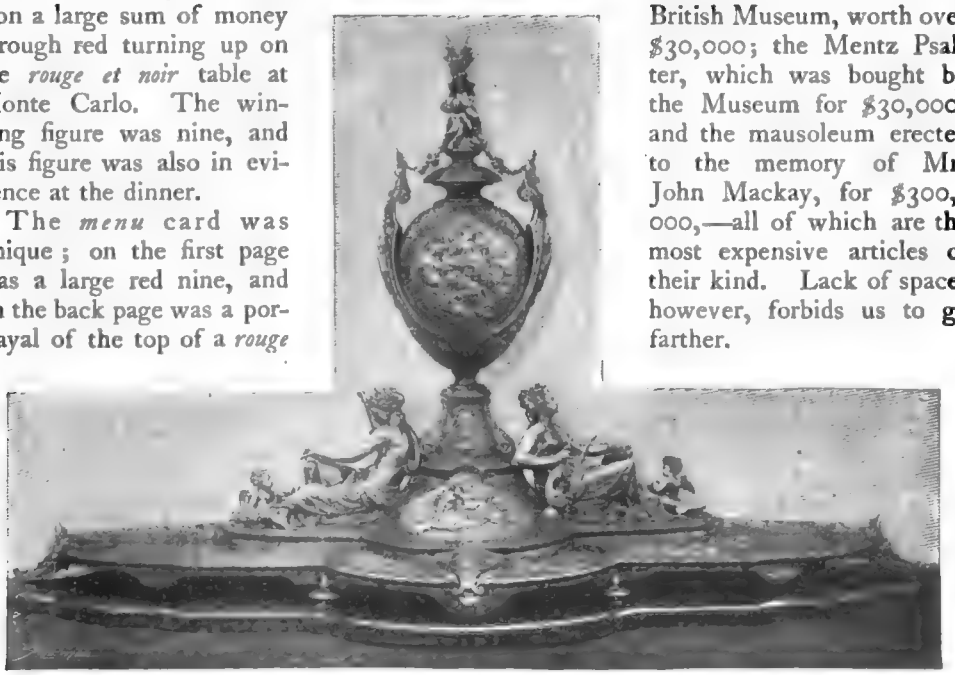
The most expensive dinner of modern times was given some years ago at the Savoy Hotel, London, by a millionaire who has since met with an untimely end. It was known as the "Red Dinner," from the fact that almost everything in the dining-room was red in color. All the floral decorations were red, the electric lamps were red, the knives were specially made with red handles, the chairs were red, the carpet was red, the table napkins were red, and even the waiters wore red ties. The reason of this color predominating was that the millionaire had experienced a wonderful run of luck, and had won a large sum of money through red turning up on the *rouge et noir* table at Monte Carlo. The winning figure was nine, and this figure was also in evidence at the dinner.

The *menu* card was unique; on the first page was a large red nine, and on the back page was a portrayal of the top of a *rouge et noir* gaming table. The *menu* itself, which was printed in red letters, consisted of eighteen courses, all of the most expensive character.

Forty guests sat down to the table, and the cost of this extraordinary dinner was over $65 for each person.

A dollar cigar is considered pretty expensive by the average man. A cigar is sold, however, at $5. It is absolutely the finest cigar in the world, and also the most expensive. We give a photograph of an open box of these cigars standing upon a closed box. There are five in a box, and the price is $25. The cigars are considerably larger than the usual size.

Of course, we might go on for a very long time describing such things as the English 1847 penny Mauritius stamp, purchased recently by Mr. W. H. Peckett, the famous stamp dealer, a specimen of which was recently sold for $9,600; the Bishop Juxon Gold Medal, which fetched $3,850; the Petition crown of Charles II.; the Jubilee handkerchief of George III., bought at the recent Press Bazaar for $5,000 by Mr. Sheriff Dewar; the beautiful Mazarin Bible in the British Museum, worth over $30,000; the Mentz Psalter, which was bought by the Museum for $30,000, and the mausoleum erected to the memory of Mr. John Mackay, for $300,000,—all of which are the most expensive articles of their kind. Lack of space, however, forbids us to go farther.



The silver vase presented to Queen Victoria at her Jubilee by the Royal Household. It cost $25,000.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

IN SOUTH AFRICAN WATERS.

By Athol Forbes.

We were lying off Durban at the time, and I was second lieutenant of the *Gadfly*, a third-class cruiser. I was in one of my soundest sleeps when I was awakened by some one thumping on the door, and in answer to my query as to what they wanted, a gruff voice told me that the captain requested my presence in his cabin. Wondering what on earth had happened, I slipped into my clothes, dispensing with the luxury of a bath or a wash. Anything to cause a break in the monotony was welcome; and although I was one who enjoyed my bed, and had ever found a difficulty in falling in with the view usually urged in regard to early rising, I took this as a god-send, simply for the excitement of being called out at such an hour by the captain, who was not a man to give his officers needless trouble.

"What is it?" I asked of my senior colleague, as I paused to put in a few more buttons.

"Haven't the remotest idea," he replied. "The only thing I know is that a chap arrived a few minutes ago in a small boat, which is alongside now, evidently hired from the shore, and, without stating his business, requested to see the captain. The watch hesitated about it and called me. I saw there was an official air about the man, so I knocked up the skipper, who now has the mysterious visitor with him, but what it is all about, you might as well ask the celebrated man in the moon, to whom people are generally referred under such circumstances; but it ought to be something important that gets everybody out of bed at this unearthly hour," and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I suppose I shall soon know something," I answered, and I knocked at the door, which was at that moment opened by the captain.

"Ah, is that you, Mr. Sharer?" and he called to the first lieutenant, who had accompanied me to his door: "Show this gentleman to his boat," and he spoke a few words of good-by hurriedly. I just had time to glance at him, and to notice that he was a tall, well-made, gentlemanly looking fellow, with an erect, soldierly bearing, and with a certain official air about him which stamped him as one having authority and accustomed to command.

"Come in," said the captain; "there is some little excitement for you this morning. That gentleman who has just gone is—well, I need not waste time over that, as it does not concern you. A large diamond, valued at something like $40,000, has been stolen. The two men have been tracked to Durban here, but last night they hired a small sailing-boat and have made off. Their luggage has been overhauled at their hotel, and as no trace of the missing stone has been discovered, it is understood that they have it with them in the boat; their intention, no doubt, being to follow the coast until they fall in with some vessel that will take them and their diamond to some country where they can dispose of it. The boat, which they hired for the avowed purpose of a pleasure trip, is about eighteen feet long, is painted white, and has one square sail. I wish you to take the steam launch and go after them. They are not experienced in the use of a boat, and they will in all probability not stray far from the shore. Keep a strict watch on them that they drop nothing overboard. If they do, take the bearings of the place, so that divers can go down if they throw the stone into the water," and he made preparations for turning in again.

I gave the necessary orders about the launch, and with four Jacks took my place in the boat. The men were in excellent

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

spirits after I briefly explained to them the nature of our work, and we were soon steaming along at a fair speed.

The morning was cold, and now that I had got over the excitement of being turned out before daylight I was feeling chilly. If there is anything that makes one feel miserable and melancholy, it is that cold, unusual gray of dawn. There is an ashy clamminess in the air which pervades everything and seems to gain an entrance to one's vitals.

As the silver light took possession of the expanse of deep, I could see the men were narrowly scanning the stretch of waters for any signs of the boat.

We were running along about nine knots. This was considered pretty good for our launch.

The little wind had gone down, and the sea was now quite smooth; occasionally a breeze would pass gently over the water with just a perceptible ripple. I was thinking now as to how I should act. I felt pretty confident about getting the men, but I wanted the diamond too. Various plans came into my head. I feared that when the men caught sight of us, the stone would be quickly dropped into the sea. I mentioned my fears to King.

"I think, sir," said he, going through various preliminary manœuvres in the way of shifting a large quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, and wiping his mouth two or three times with his hand; "I think, sir, if I was you, when we sights this 'ere wessel, the best thing will be not to make a signal nor hail them; just run on as if we was going right past 'em without stopping, and then 'bout ship suddenly, and round upon them. This will allow us to keep an eye on their movements."

I saw there was wisdom in the old man's advice, and that his suggestion was a good one. "If we discharged a gun to signal them to stop, they would know the game was up, and overboard would go the diamond," added King, and his remarks were received with great attention by the rest.

"There she is, sir!" shouted one of the men, and all eyes turned in the direction he pointed. "There, just on the starboard bow."

My glass had scarcely been shut up five minutes; but sometimes a slight haze will lift, and in a second you will see what you have been vainly sweeping the sea for for hours.

"That's the boat, sure enough," I announced as soon as I got my glass on her. She was sailing along, close in to the land. I could distinctly see two individuals who seemed to be looking towards us. I fancy my own men were rather disappointed that I could not see the diamond. They glanced at me with an air of expectancy, and the precious stone was the one idea uppermost in their minds, for two of them immediately chimed in with a remark about it.

"Keep steadily to your course," I said to the man who was steering. I told the others to sit down, for I was anxious that we should not appear to be in search of anything. Keeping well out of sight myself, I trained my glass on the boat, and watched all their movements. As we got nearer, I could see by their gestures that they were regarding us with a certain amount of suspicion. From what I could make out they were about three hundred yards from the shore, and almost at a standstill; but an occasional puff of wind gave them headway. On our present course we would pass them at about a hundred yards distant. My intention was to go on as if we were going to pass them, and then hail them. I noticed now that the boat was heading for the beach.

Suddenly there was a puff, followed by the report of a gun. The man was firing in the direction of the shore, and I saw some wild sea-fowl rise. Several shots were fired before we were near enough to hail. I wondered what they were doing.

"Have you seen a similar launch to this pass you?" I shouted as we slowed down.

"What?" came over the water.

I hailed them again with the same question. It gave us time to edge nearer.

"No," the two men bawled together.

"Easy ahead," I said, and I waved my

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hand as if I had finished my business, and I sat down in the stern sheets.

Then I gave the order to stop, and hailed them again.

"What are you firing at?" I shouted.

"Wild birds."

"What?" I cried in return.

"Wild birds," was bawled again.

"Any good sport?" I asked in a lower tone of voice.

"Can't hear," they shouted.

I motioned that I would come nearer, and the launch came round, and we ran down to them. As we did so, I saw the man who had the gun raise it with careful aim and fire in the direction of a mound on the shore. Again some birds rose at the report.

"Put her alongside, King," and I motioned to King to take the helm. "You three jump into the boat and secure these men as soon as we touch."

Now was the exciting time. They had thrown nothing into the water so far, I was certain. Another minute and we would have them. "Let her come gently alongside," I said to King, and I gave the order to ease her. The diamond was within reach.

"We were just having a little shooting, and thought of landing here," remarked the man with the gun; but he eyed me suspiciously.

"What kind of birds are there about here?" I asked casually. We were within a couple of yards, and I was preparing for the spring. Before he could finish his reply we were upon them, and the two men were pinned to the bottom of their own boat. I felt relieved, for I was fairly confident of success. They admitted that they were from Durban, but denied all knowledge of the diamond. They had heard of its theft, but they were not the men. Of course we did not believe that, and a rigid search at once commenced. The men were stripped, and every inch of clothing examined, but no diamond was found. Having finished for the time being, we transhipped them to the launch, and began a strict examination of the sailing-boat. We took up the bottom boards, and broke up the seats and fittings, but without success. The two men stormed and threatened, and swore they were merely a pleasure party, and vowed summary vengeance for the outrage, as they termed it.

I was greatly disappointed at the result of the search; but King grinned, and whispered in my ear, and advised that we should return to the ship. We watched every movement of the men on our way back. I could see my own men were disappointed, but their faces brightened up when King whispered to them what he had told me. Every now and then one of them would come out with a guffaw, and the rest would smile.

The two prisoners were very indignant at first, but they soon recovered and took matters very coolly. One of them asked permission to smoke, and opened a small box of cigars that we had brought from the boat, which was now being towed by us. Smoking led to talking, and I found that they were really very pleasant fellows. The diamond, they said, was called the "South African Prince," and would be worth quite $35,000, and considerably more, perhaps, if the cutting turned out well. They repudiated the charge of theft, but admitted that they had just come from one of the diamond camps. They seemed quite sure that they would be able to satisfy the captain when they arrived at the cruiser. I was glad that they did take matters so pleasantly, and apologized for pulling their boat about.

"Oh, it's not ours," said one of them. "It's a hired one, and the owner will come upon you for the damage," and the two men laughed at this.

"Why, there's the *Gadfly!*" cried one of the Jacks.

I looked, and found he was right, so we altered our course a point and steered straight for her. She was coming up quickly, for they had sighted us. In a very short time we were on board and steaming back to Durban. The captain was pleased at the capture, but disappointed when he found that we had not come across the diamond. He said he would retain the two men prisoners, for a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

while at least, until he heard from the man who had visited him in the early morning.

But as soon as we were off Durban he came in his boat to us, and he proceeded to search the men again, after which he and the captain had a long consultation in the cabin, while I gave the story to the first lieutenant. The conversation was cut short by a message from the captain.

"I am sorry," he said, as I entered his cabin, "that I am not justified in detaining these men. They have, I fear, outwitted us."

"They have probably got rid of the stone before putting out to sea," remarked the strange military gentleman, who I found was one of the inspectors under the Illicit Diamond Act. So the two men were brought in and told they could go ashore when they wished. Then one of them cut up rough, and said they had been seized, taken prisoners, and searched while on a holiday; but eventually it was agreed that their boat should be repaired, and the carpenters were put to work all night. The next day they were to proceed on their journey for the purpose of shooting wild fowl. They elected to stay on board the cruiser for the night. I fancy the captain was glad to get off on such easy terms.

I was just having a final whiff and thinking over the events of the day before turning in, when suddenly the solution of the whole matter flashed upon me, and I wondered why I had been so stupid. I think I took one spring into the captain's cabin. Fortunately he had not retired. He was smoking, and a glass of whiskey was near his elbow. He listened as I explained the absence of the diamond.

"That is the explanation of the mystery, I haven't a doubt," he replied when I had finished. "You have my authority to act as you suggest," he added, as I left him to rouse King. With as little fuss as possible we were rowed ashore and landed on the South Point, taking care to carry with us a revolver each.

"Now, King," I said, as the boat left us, "you're in for a 'long walk.'"

"Right you are, sir."

He was too good a seaman to ask questions, and off we set, keeping the line of the coast.

"You know where the boat was stopped yesterday?" I asked.

"I think I does, sir," he replied.

"Well, we have got to walk there," I said.

King lighted his pipe and we trudged on. He was a good companion, and during that long night he told me a good bit of his history. I made out that we were averaging four miles an hour. At daybreak we stopped, and made our breakfast off biscuit and a small tin of meat which King had provided himself with. I had a flask of brandy.

While we sat I unfolded to him my plan and the explanation of the missing diamond.

"Why, yes, sir," he replied after a moment's consideration, "that is where the diamond is, you can be sure; but what shall we do if the wind changes?"

"The wind holds good at present," I replied; but there was something to be feared if it died.

About nine o'clock we reached what I considered was about the place where we had stopped the boat on the previous day, but one could not be certain. However, we lay down among the long grass, and King had me to himself for a good spell of shark stories. I had my glass with me, and from time to time kept a sharp lookout seawards. Although King talked the whole time, I don't think he once relaxed his scrutiny of the expanse of water to his left. Even when he lighted his pipe, he kept one eye seaward. Ten, eleven, and twelve o'clock came—no signs of what I expected.

It was time then to have another meal. King suggested that we should finish up what there was, so as to have a clear afternoon to look out for "emergencies," as he called them; but I suspected the real reason why. The long walk had given him an appetite. He manifested great heartiness and celerity in getting through the victuals, I noticed.

About two o'clock we were rewarded by seeing our friends whose acquaintance

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

we had made the day before. They were coming along close in to the shore, and about half a mile from us they took down the sail and rowed the boat straight in for the beach. We carefully watched their movements. For a moment or two they seemed undecided, then they walked up to one of the large grassy hillocks and began to examine it. We now shifted our post of observation, and moved to a position which cut them off from their boat, still keeping behind the hillocks and crawling through the long grass. For perhaps a quarter of an hour or more they examined the green mound, then one whistled to the other, and they walked off in the direction of the boat, examining something very closely, carried by the taller of the two, and evidently very satisfied with themselves.

A minute later, and we had them and the diamond. The firing the day before had not, as I guessed, been for the purpose of shooting the wild fowl. One of the shots into the hillock had carried the diamond, which they had first embedded in lead, and fired with a weaker charge of powder. We allowed them to find it, and then when they had dug it out of the mound we arrested them. For a moment they were inclined to show fight; but a loaded revolver has great moral force, and we marched them back to Durban.

They got five years' imprisonment, and we got $5,000, which was equally distributed among the hands. We want another similar case.

The crew out of their money subscribed for and bought me a diamond ring, which is quite worth $250, and I have a great reputation in the ship as a detective.

A RETROSPECT.

FAR out at sea the clouds are slowly breaking,
The red sun through them gleams;
A weird, wild scene, some memories vague awaking
From the dark land of dreams.

A far-off vessel sails amidst the glory
That lies athwart the wave;
And, as I gaze, a half-forgotten story
Comes from the past's dim grave.

. . . . .

O'er other seas a stately ship is speeding
Beneath a twilight sky;
I stand and watch the well-loved shore receding,
And catch a last "Good-by!"

Once more the scented haze is round me falling,
At anchor in the bay;
Again I pace the lonely deck, recalling
The words she said that day.

Once more I climb a mast and catch a glimmer,
Where the great city's lights
Amidst the deepening shades are growing dimmer,
And fading up the heights.

But one, methinks, when all the rest are dying,
Still shines the shadows through;
And 'midst the murmuring wind a voice is sighing:
"Adieu! adieu! adieu!"

The ship sails on, the cloud-land, fields Elysian
Grow gray above the sea,
While to the past returns once more my vision,
A dream that might not be.

GEORGE CHETWYND.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Glimpse of the Germ World

BEING ~ No ~ 3 ~ OF

Simple Explanations

By

Geo. W. Winterburn, M.D.

Soil in left-hand jar impregnated with nitrate-forming bacteria. Soil in right-hand jar not so impregnated. Note difference in plant-growth.

This series of "Simple Explanations" of scientific matters of current interest began with "Wireless Telegraphy" in the December number. In the February number, "The Trolley Car." Next month, "How a Ship Finds Her Way at Sea."

[Illustrations in this article are chiefly drawings direct from the microscope, by Katherine Winterburn, A.B.]

THERE are in the air, in water, in the soil, on the surfaces of all living, as well as on all dead, things—in fact, everywhere on the earth—minute plants, invisible except through the microscope, which are known to students as *bacteria* and *yeasts*. The study of microbes, which is the term used to include all these little plants, shows how important they are in the economy of life. There is no other family of plants that can compare with them in importance. Minute as they are, so that thousands of them are contained in a little globe the size of the period at the end of this sentence, they fill a place in nature more important than all the trees in all the forests of the world.

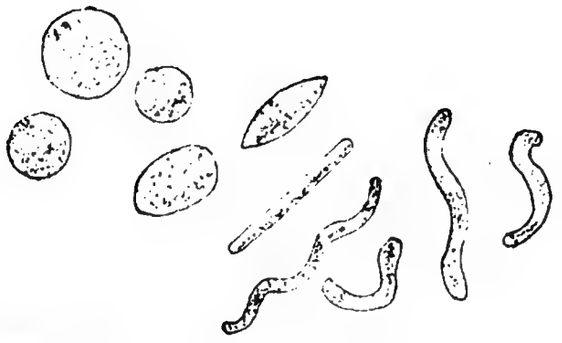
The study of bacteria has revealed the marvellous fact that *there is not a moment in our lives when they are not actively at work for us, that they are our greatest benefactors, and that the continuance of life upon the earth would be impossible if they should cease their labors.*

Probably five out of six of the readers of this article have an instinctive association of the term "microbe" with things loathsome, dangerous, deadly. True, there are microbes that play the principal *rôles* in the tragedies of disease and death. But the number of these "malignants" is so small in comparison with the total population of the germ-world, that to hold all microbes dangerous because there are fever-germs is like condemning all the inhabitants of New York City as thieves because one has met a pickpocket on Broadway.

About two hundred years ago Anthony von Leeuwenhoek (1632–1723), a Dutch glass-grinder, by means of a lens of his own construction, first saw these organisms, but it was not for more than a hundred and fifty years afterward that any real conception of their place in nature was made evident. They were simply regarded as wonders of minute organization, and as marvels of the infinitely little.

It is true, a vast number of observations by numerous observers were accumulating which tended to show a relation between fermentation and putrefaction and the growth of bacteria, but it was not until Louis Pasteur clearly demonstrated that these minute plants came into existence by ordinary methods of reproduction that a beginning was made to a true under-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Typical forms of bacteria. (Magnified 12,000,000 times.)

standing of them. Thus Pasteur completed what Leeuwenhoek had begun, in refuting the doctrine that life can be "produced spontaneously, or bred from corruption."

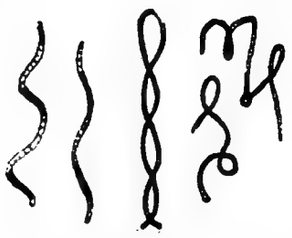
But even Pasteur confounded bacteria with yeasts, and it was not until 1869 that Hoffman recognized them as a special group of plants. Nor can it be said that any very accurate study was made of them until 1880, when Robert Koch taught how to get "pure cultures," and thus trace the life history of any one specimen.

There is no place on the surface of the earth where bacteria do not exist. In a teaspoonful of moist soil taken anywhere, there will be from ten to forty varieties, and in number from one thousand to two hundred millions. They are found in the depths of the ocean, in all ponds and lakes and running streams, and especially in the sediment at the bottom of these. They are in the air, especially in close rooms, in theatres, churches, and schools, in clothing, on the feathers of birds, the fur of animals, and wherever there is dust. They especially rejoice and multiply wherever there is decaying matter of any kind, animal or vegetable. Flies carry them about on their feet, and bees on their wings. Mosquitos bring them into our houses, and mice disseminate them in pantries. They are in all the body secretions.

When dried and floating in the air as dust they are dormant. In pure water they multiply but slowly. When by chance they fall on a supply of food—say a carcass or a glass of milk—they develop an energy which is prodigious.

There are hundreds of different species of bacteria. These may be arranged into three groups, according to their forms, and have been graphically compared to lead-pencils, corkscrews, and billiard balls. They vary much in size, but no more than human beings do. They pass through the various stages of babyhood, adulthood, and old age. The young bacteria differ as much in bulk and appearance from a fully developed one as does a calf from the cow.

If we compare an average bacterium and a man, and represent the plant by the o here printed, then the man would be four miles high and one of his feet would cover a forty-acre lot. They vary greatly among themselves in form. The spirals may have one, two, or a dozen turns, the rods may be thick or slender, the spheres large or small; but even the largest and chubbiest of them is smaller than any other living thing.



Variations of the spiral form are numerous. (Magnified 4,000,000 times.)

They have a curious sort of arithmetic. They multiply by simple division. Each one of them elongates itself, divides in the middle, and then there are two. This multiplication by simple division is the distinguishing difference between bacteria and yeasts; the latter plants increase by what is known as budding.

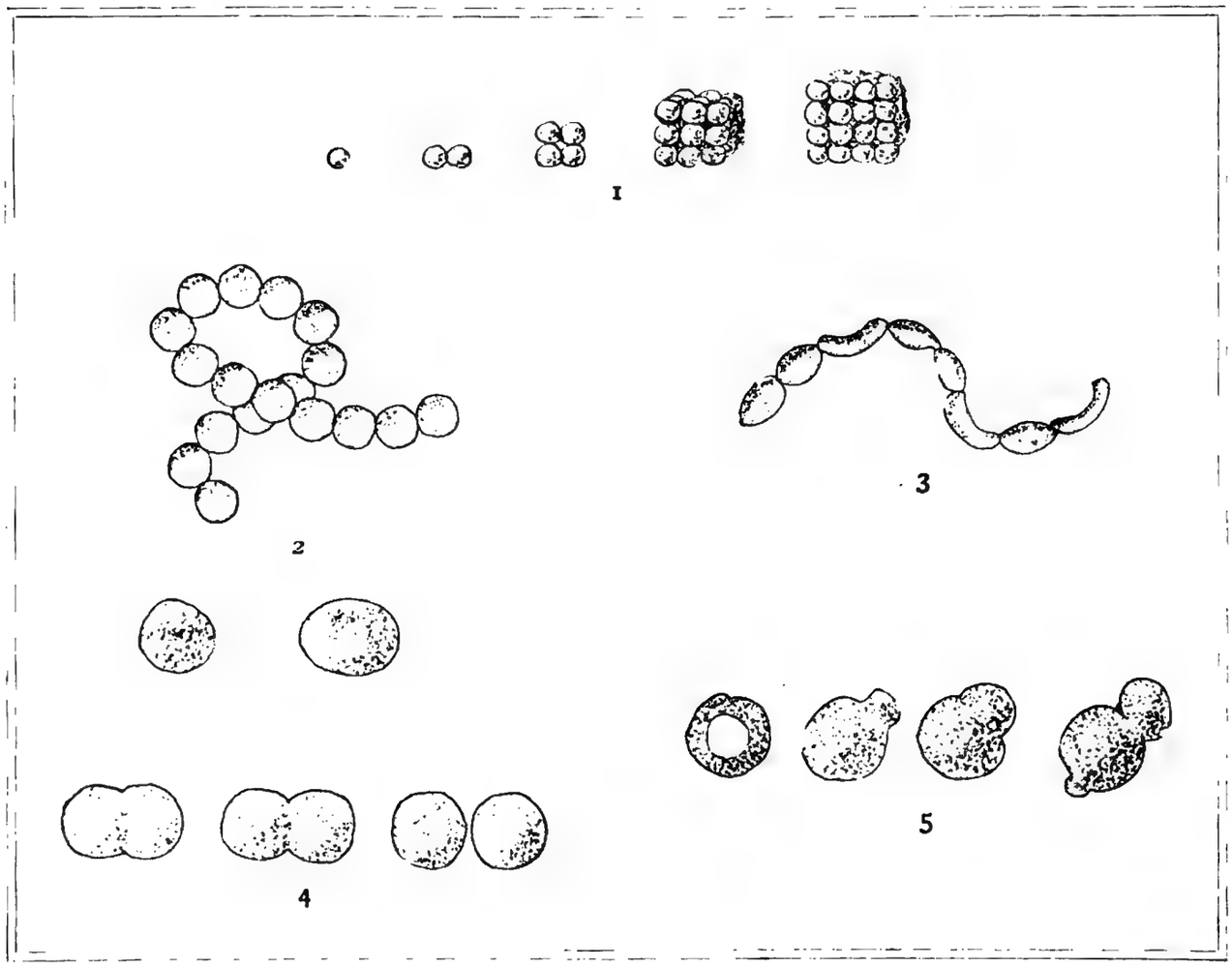
The bacteria are classified according to the manner in which they divide in order to multiply. The *micrococci* are round, and divide at once into separate individuals. The *streptococci* do not separate after dividing, but remain attached, forming long strings of beads. The *sarcinæ* divide first in one direction and then in another, at right angles, forming cubes. The rods and spirals increase by lengthening themselves, until

Variations of the rod form. (Magnified 2,000,000 times.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

under proper conditions they break up into short sections. Sometimes short thick ones before breaking up look like a string of sausages. Although we speak of them as having one of these three general forms, yet there are intermediate forms or stages which represent almost any conceivable shape. Thus there are bacteria which reached the food supply would be exhausted, and their own excretions prove an insuperable barrier.

The reason why they grow so rapidly is that they live on prepared foods—milk, flesh, mixtures containing sugar or starch —already in a form for absorption. They neither prepare their food like other plants,



Typical methods of increase. 1. Sarcinæ, dividing at right angles, but remaining attached, forming cubes of 4, 27, 64, etc. (Magnified 6,000,000 times.) 2. Streptococci, forming chain of spheres. (Magnified 16,000,000 times.) 3. Bacilli, just before breaking up into new units. (Magnified 6,000,000 times.) 4. A micrococcus, in five stages of simple division. (Magnified 12,000,000 times.) 5. A yeast, showing process of "budding." First view by reflected light, making visible the "stomach" of the yeast. Last view shows bud almost at maturity, and a second bud just developing. (Magnified 9,000,000 times.)

resemble spindles, clubs, whetstones, pestles, drumsticks, and eggs.

Their power of growth and division is amazing. Under the most favorable conditions they grow and divide in less than half an hour, and, unless attacked by some foe, one bacterium in two days would produce sixty-four thousand million offspring, weighing two hundred pounds, and occupying eighteen cubic inches of space. Of course, practically they never do grow like that. Long before the second day was nor go in search of it like animals, but literally live in it, their tremendous vital energy being used solely in seizing food and digesting it; and when their skins swell out with fatness, and they cannot hold another crumb, they literally burst asunder into offspring.*

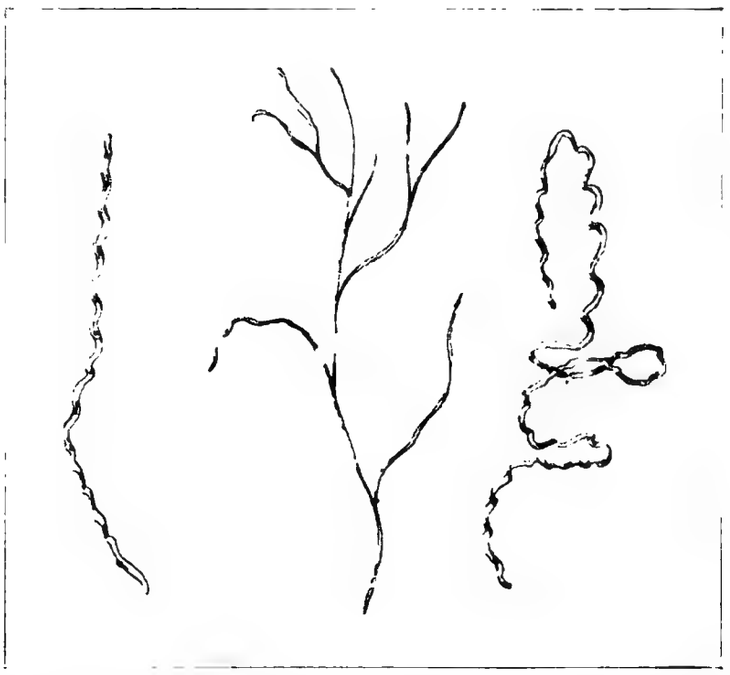
Bacteria are pale, translucent bodies,

* Bacteria have another method of perpetuating themselves besides fission, which is very curious and interesting. Conditions may become so unfavorable that all the adult members of a colony would die. To prevent extermination in this way, bacteria pro-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

consisting of a bit of protoplasm surrounded by a membrane or skin. Protoplasm is a word we use to describe something we can see in animal and vegetable cells, but don't understand. As existing in a bacterium it is a complex, organized *something*, of a foam-like or honeycomb structure, in which is imbedded small granules of albuminous matter arranged in threads. The granule is the vital unit, and a bacterium may be regarded as a colony of elementary vital units, existing in a transparent fluid, and surrounded by a skin or cell-wall of woody tissue.

Within the cell-wall, but distinct from either the foam-like structure or the albuminous granules, is the nucleus, a rounded body. This is the reproductive organ. There are also cavities, like the holes in a sponge, and these are filled with a clear fluid or with air. All these elements are primitive organs. The investing wall or skin induces reproduction by limiting size. The cavities assist in digestion and assimilation, and their contents consist of food materials and secretions. The protoplasm proper possesses contractility, and hence acts as rudimentary muscle, and attends to the respiration, assimilation, and the movements which bring about change of place. The bacteria carry on all the functions of highly organized life; they breathe, eat, digest, secrete, excrete, and multiply. Beyond these mere physical attributes, they show what we ordinarily term moral qualities. They have likes and dislikes, they love and hate, they fight their enemies and protect their friends. Some species are mortal enemies, and cannot live together. In the world of germs—a drop of refuse—they carry on a vicious war of extermination, and to the victor belong the spoils. There are also instances of Damon-and-Pythias-like friendships, where two species are always found existing in amity. If isolated from each other, one of them weakens and dies. This has probably only a physical basis, but it is curiously human in aspect.

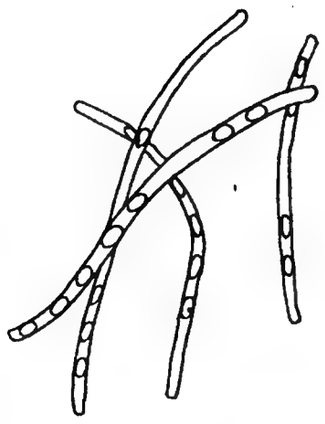


The microscope reveals many curious and fantastic forms like these. It is difficult to determine whether they are true "spiral" species, or rod-like bacteria not yet broken into units. (Magnified 1,000,000 times.)

Many species of bacteria are entirely dependent on external influences to carry them to their food. They have no means of helping themselves. In the form of dust they float about in the air until by chance they fall upon something on which they can feed. Here they breed so rapidly that in a few hours or days, according to the species, little dots, like fly specks, can be seen in the liquid, or on the surface of the substance if it be a solid. These specks are colonies, and differ in appearance for each variety of bacteria. The individual bacterium of different species are in many cases so similar in appearance that it is impossible to distinguish them except as seen in colonies, and even then we know them better by what they do than by how they look. These speck-like colonies, when viewed under a microscope, present

duce spores. Spores are minute bits of protoplasm, of rounded form, covered with a tough kind of skin, which enables them to exist under very unfavorable conditions. Boiling does not kill them, and dry heat that would reduce living flesh to ashes does not destroy them. The bacterium, after giving birth, as it were, to a litter of spores, may die from exhaustion, or, if food is abundant, may continue as active as before.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Rod-like bacteria forming "spores." These spores can withstand greater heat and fiercer cold than any other living thing. See foot-note, p. 277. (Magnified 6,000,000 times.)

many singularly beautiful forms, like frosting on a window pane.

While most bacteria are dependent on wind and wave to carry them to the desired haven of plenty and prosperity, others during certain stages of existence can propel themselves, and others retain this locomotive power during the whole of life. These movements are produced by means of hair-like appendages, which are waved to and fro like oars, and vary from a slow, undulatory motion to extreme rapidity. Some species progress in a definite direction, turning neither to the right nor left; others dart about like minnows in shallow water; others have a corksrew-like movement; others glide like serpents; others have a tremulous motion. Some change their course instantly, while others seem to hesitate before altering it. Some seem to act with quick intelligence in avoiding obstacles, and, if they accidently come in contact with an object, make spasmodic efforts to free themselves.

Birth of a spore from inception to completion. (Magnified 16,000,000 times.) Note the shrivelled case remaining.

Bacteria have many curious habits. Some store up coloring matter, and thus take on a green, purple, red, or yellowish hue. The celebrated "bleeding host" or "bloody sweat" were really colonies of the brilliant blood-colored *bacterium prodigiosus*. In certain old and musty churches the moist consecrated wafers left on the altar over night would be found the next day to be covered with little blood-like drops. What else could it be but blood? What could it be but a portent of great calamity? It was a miracle which layman and priest alike accepted with perfect honesty: one in which the supernatural seemed the natural explanation. But the same thing can now be produced in the biological laboratory at will, on just an ordinary piece of potato.

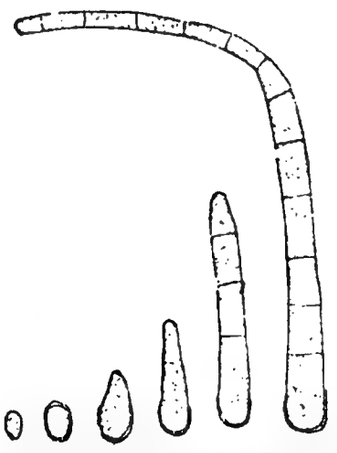
Certain species of bacteria have the power to form light, giving to the objects they inhabit a phosphorescent glow. Fresh herring or a mackerel laid between two plates will often show an electric-white light after twenty-four to thirty-six hours.

Ignorant servants, and doubtless many a housewife also, have been "frightened out of a day's growth," on entering a dark pantry, to see a string of sausages glowing with a dull, uncanny light.

Cultures of these bacteria in the tube in which they are growing have been placed in a dark room, and actually photographed by their own light. They are often seen in tropical waters, producing great sheets of peculiar electric-blue radiance.

Many species of bacteria produce gases and odors. Some of these gases are noxious, others harmless, while the odors vary from pleasant to fragrant, and from foul to nauseous.

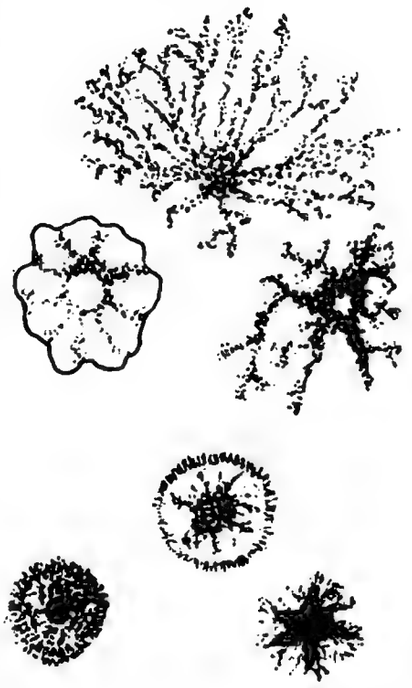
They live on any kind of organic matter, but each species has its own particular sort of food. That necessity is the mother of invention was never better illustrated than in the family of microbes. They are a very helpless folk. They have no chlorophyll, and that to a plant is decidedly bad luck. For chlorophyll, the green coloring matter in plants, is what enables them to build up simple substances, such as carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen,



Growth of a spore after finding congenial surroundings. Beginning at the left, the stages are shown at 11 A.M., 12 noon, 3.30 P.M., 6 P.M., 8.30 P.M., and midnight. (Magnified 25,000,000 times.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and oxygen, into plant tissue. But microbes cannot do this, and so have been forced to adapt themselves to living on highly organized substances, such as milk. They are a type of the degenerate, like those ants who keep slaves, and so at last have lost even the power of feeding themselves. So the bacteria and yeasts are probably descended from more noble families, like the Oscillaria, but, having found it easier to live on prepared foods, have now lost all power of preparing their own, and die when they cannot get access to organic matter.



Colonies of bacteria. Each species has its own characteristic form. Many of them resemble snow-crystals. (Magnified 250 times.)

Nature is ever young. For countless ages she has gone on producing each living thing after its kind with unimpaired vigor and perennial freshness. And we now find that this eternal youth, which makes every day a new creation and every night a wonder of surprise, springs out of the activities of these minute vegetable organizations, whose labors are as continuous as the mighty march of the planets in their course around the sun.

In the first place, consider what becomes of all the waste, the used-up products of life. Dickens in one of his novels makes a coach-driver say, "Did you ever see a dead donkey?" "No, nor nobody else."

But there are other dead things besides dead donkeys. The materials drawn from nature's storehouses—the soil, the water, the air—for the upbuilding of plants and animals would, in the lapse of time, be exhausted if there were not a way provided for returning to these natural storehouses the materials thus used. The surface of the earth would be covered with the bodies of successive generations of animals and with the dead but undecayed plants and trees, were there no means of getting rid of these organic structures. This work of decomposition is accomplished by the bacteria.

An animal dies, and its body lies upon the ground. The sun shines upon it and the rains fall on it. We say it decays, or is decomposed. Effluvia arise from it, the tissues soften and seem to melt away, even the bones in time fall to dust, and the whole is thus dissipated in the air; or, covered by lowly forms of vegetation—mosses, lichens, and grasses—sinks out of sight into the earth. The structure has gone back again into its natural elements and thus completes nature's cycle. This whole process is the work of bacteria.

The mighty forces of the earth are with unabating fervor continually pushing matter forward from simple forms to complex tissues. From the natural elements—nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus—into mineral compounds—sulphuric acid, carbonic acid, nitrates, and phosphates. From these into vegetable forms—peas, beans, wheat. Thence into animal tissues. And, having done its work there, goes back again to original elemental matter, to start again, under the impelling power of radiant force, the ascent of life's mighty cycle. Thus with the rising of the sun, that indestructible fountain of refreshment to all the world, is nature ever and again reborn into eternal youth.

Whence came the living cell we know not. Into the germ world we peep with our microscopes, and see it at work with a plenitude of power and purpose which amazes and astounds us. The living cell is alone able to pass on the torch of life. Bacteria occupy but a little corner of that germ world, but their usefulness to man will be apparent if we go out into the fields and watch the farmer at his work.

Before the farmer can raise crops, his land must be in a proper condition, and this fertility is, in a great measure, a gift

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

from the bacteria. The soil consists in part of rock crumbled into dust. This "weathering action," as it is called, which reduces the solid stone to dust, is doubtless partly a chemical and mechanical one; but it is also true that certain species of bacteria grow on the surface of bare rocks, and, assimilating nitrogen and carbon from the air, excrete nitric and carbonic acids, which eat away the rock, and thus cause the first step in "weathering."

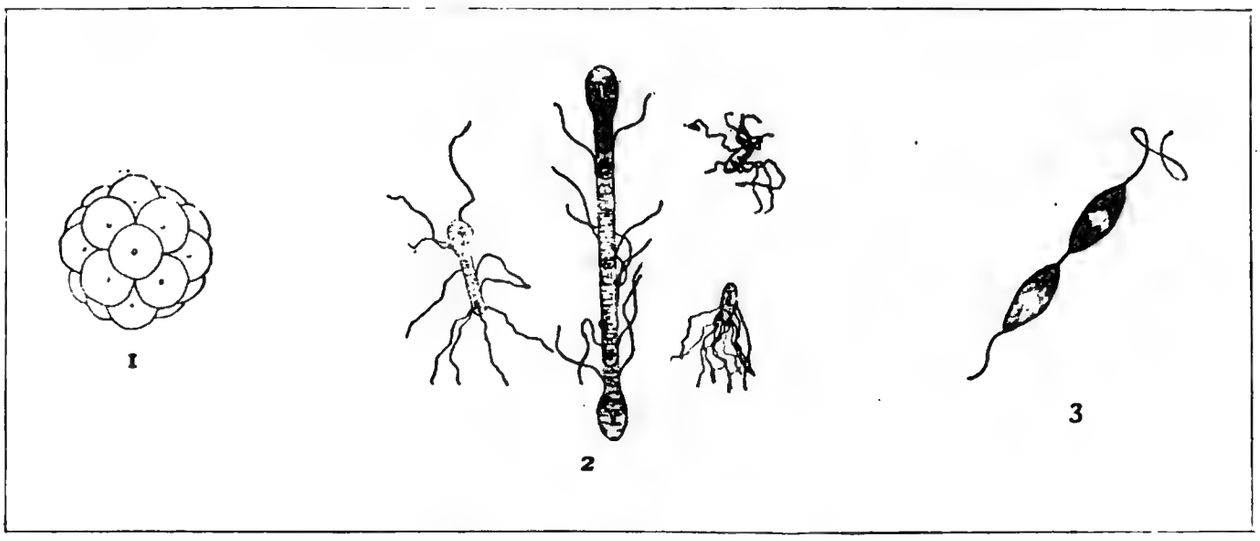
The various sulphates, silicates, and phosphates which are ingredients of fertile soil are partially, at least, the result of bacterial labor. The nitrogen, existing in the soil as nitrates, is an important factor in fertility, and its presence therein depends directly upon bacteria. That some soils have the power of taking nitrogen from the air was definitely proved a quarter of a century ago, and this power has been found to reside in particular species of bacteria contained therein. These nitrate-forming bacteria, found in the soil and between the floors and ceilings of our dwellings, seem a contradiction to the law already laid down that these plants live on organic matter. But nature has no clear lines of demarcation. All her works are linked together by indissoluble bonds of relationship, and here in the bacterial world is this continuity again revealed. While some bacteria feed only on highly organized foods, such as milk; and others on simpler compounds, such as beef-broth or gelatine; and others on still simpler diet, such as cider, others actually live on a simple element, such as nitrogen.

It may as well be said here, in passing, that although a bacterium of one species always remains a bacterium of that species and never changes to another, yet they often adapt themselves to their environment. As one emigrant in his new home clings to the manners and customs of the fatherland, while another quickly forsakes them, so some species of these plants transplanted into changed conditions of life adapt themselves to the new location; while others, rather than give up old habits and tastes, wither and die.

These nitrate-forming bacteria are among the most ancient of the stock. There are several varieties of them. Some will live in soil utterly barren. Others only flourish in soils where plants of the bean and clover family are growing, when they store up nitrogen in tubercles on the roots of these plants.

Cultures of these nitrate-forming bacteria are now used commercially in Germany, under the name of Nitragin, to enrich soils. This is found to be a paying practice, as the crops are largely increased, therein marking an epoch in the history of agriculture.

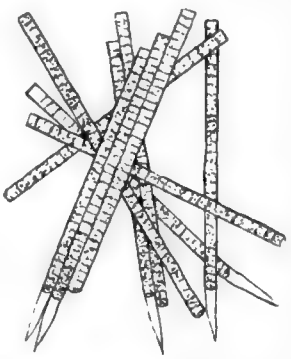
Dairying was one of the earliest of the arts. Long before man settled down to



1. A colony of spherical bacteria, undetached. (Magnified 7,000,000 times.) 2. Bacteria from stagnant water, possessing power of locomotion and apparent intelligence. (Magnified 4,500,000 times.) 3. "Bacterium termo," the prime cause of putrefaction. (Magnified 6,500,000 times.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

cultivation of the soil he kept cattle and subsisted by them. To the dairyman the subject of bacteria is of keenest practical interest. For modern dairying consists very largely in controlling the growth of those species that infect milk. The cause of the souring of milk is bacteria. While milk in the udder is free from microbes, and while still fresh and warm has the power to destroy these vegetative growths, yet it is practically impossible to draw it without its becoming contaminated by them. Under the ordinary barn-yard conditions, by the time the milkmaid has carried the pailful of milk to the dairy-room it contains a million or more bacteria to the pint, and by the time the milk gets to market it is no unusual thing for it to contain a thousand million to the pint.



Oscillariæ; true plants. It is believed that bacteria are degenerate descendants of plants similar to these.

These bacteria are of different species. Some cause souring, others make the milk bitter or putrid or soapy or slimy, or change its color to red, blue, or yellow, or curdle it without any special alteration of taste. All these troublesome bacteria can be prevented from developing, except those causing souring. Of these there are some one hundred or more varieties, varying greatly in their power to produce lactic acid, but the one found almost universally is the *bacillus acidi lactici*.

Dirt being only matter out of place, strict cleanliness will protect the milk from infection, and as none of these bacteria can thrive at a temperature below 40° Fahr., keeping the milk at a temperature a little above freezing will insure its remaining pure and sweet.

The above species of bacteria are all nuisances to the dairyman, but turning to the butter-making we find a class which are of the greatest service.

Some people like what is known as sweet butter; but to most persons this is tasteless, varying little in flavor from fresh cream. The ordinary butter of commerce is made from ripened cream, and this ripening is the work of bacteria. The particular flavor and aroma depend upon the particular species of bacteria which cause the changes in the cream, some being much more delicate and appetizing than others. Cultures of the species producing the most desirable flavors are now made, and with these the cream may be inoculated, and thus a high-grade butter obtained.

The various species of bacteria which make butter cannot, however, live in butter. Most of them remain in the buttermilk, or are washed off in the process of rinsing, and those left behind soon die. There are, however, bacteria which are dormant in milk, but thrive on butter, producing therein that peculiarly disagreeable quality known as rancidity. But these and various other detrimental bacteria may be avoided if absolute cleanliness is maintained in the barns, dairy, and butter-room, and on the persons employed in handling the milk, cream, and butter. It is only when dirt of various kinds gets into the milk or cream that there is trouble.

The dairyman who takes the same care of his stock as the groom does of his horses will send to the creamery the choicest milk. The finest quality, and consequently highest-priced, butter comes from those creameries in which the most scrupulous care is taken in selecting the milk and working it into butter.

Even under the best conditions the flavor of butter varies according to the season of the year when it is made, as different species of bacteria have their seasons also. Those active in June do not flourish in January. Probably in time scientists will make it possible to produce pure cultures at all seasons, and then we will have June butter all the year round.

Already artificial impregnation of cream with the most desirable bacteria is a commercial success in Europe, and to a less extent in America. All cream commer-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Bacteria that give tobacco its flavor. (Magnified 6,000,000 times.)

Bacteria that make cheese. (Magnified 2,000,000 times.)

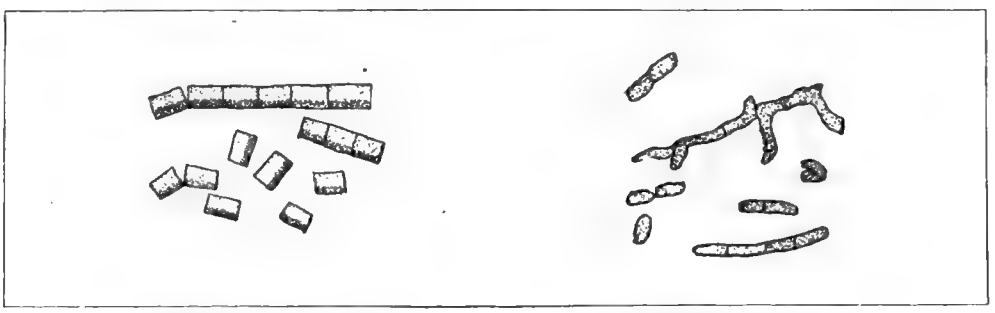
cially produced contains a great variety of bacteria, and the butter-maker's problem is to prevent these from growing, and to encourage the development of the more delicately flavored and aromatic "culture" germs.

The cheese-maker is even more indebted to bacteria for the success of his undertaking than the butter-maker. For while the food value of cheese is in proportion to the casein it contains, the market value depends upon the flavor, and this is wholly due to bacteria.

Different kinds of bacteria produce different kinds of decomposition, and on this the particular flavor of different cheeses depends. Cheese making is a more complicated affair than butter making, and the commercial risk much greater. The process often takes months; owing to the lack of sunlight and moisture, the density of the substance, the pressure put upon it, oxygen filters in but slowly, the bacteria are sluggish, and the changes from day to day slight. But the older the cheese the greater number of bacteria it contains, and consequently the stronger the flavor. Here, as in butter making, much trouble is caused by the wrong kinds of bacteria getting into the milk. There are one hundred and sixty varieties known to exist in cheese, some advantageous and some not.

The farmer who raises tobacco is also dependent on bacteria for the value of his crop. The delicate aroma and subtle shades of flavor so agreeable to the smoker are due to the particular varieties of bacteria that grow on the tobacco leaf, and which cause the peculiar form of fermentation which takes place during the process of "curing." Efforts have been made in Germany to inoculate common German tobacco with microbes from high-grade Cuban. But each variety of bacteria has its favorite kind of leaf, and soon deteriorates and dies when transplanted. It is, therefore, unlikely that Havana leaf will be replaced with Connecticut.

Opium is the fermented juice of the *papaver somniferum*. Indigo is prepared from the indigo plant by a fermentative



Bacteria that cause "swelled cheese." (Magnified 4,000,000 times.)

Bacteria that make rum from molasses. (Magnified 6,000,000 times.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

process. These and many other valuable commercial products owe their value to the bacteria which inhabit the leaves of the plant from which the juice is derived.

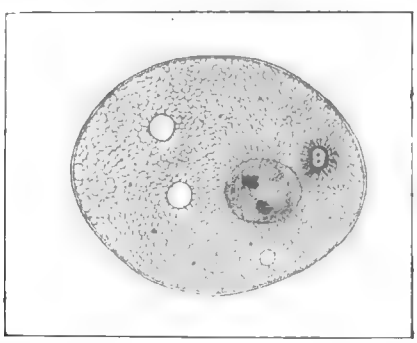
Vinegar is the product of bacterial energy. If cider, wine, or a weak solution of alcohol, sugar, and malt, are allowed to stand exposed to the air, they will sour by the gradual conversion of the alcohol into acetic acid. During vinegar production a mass forms called "mother." This is a bacteria colony that has the power of uniting the oxygen of the air with the alcohol in the fluid, thus producing acetic acid.

Alcohol itself is the excretion of certain species of bacteria and yeasts, and thus different species of these plants follow each other in causing successive chemical changes.

The whole of the great brewing and other fermentative industries, employing thousands of millions of capital and vast armies of men, are founded upon decompositions carried on by microbes. But in the production of these alcohols it is the yeasts, and not their cousins the bacteria, which are useful. Indeed, the chief troubles of the brewer and the vintner are caused by undesirable bacteria getting mixed in with the yeasts. Some of these excrete acids, and thus sour the product, as when a bottle of claret is left uncorked for a day or two. Others cause bitterness, soapiness, or sliminess. The art in these industries is to procure pure yeasts unmixed with deleterious bacteria.

In various other industries bacteria are absolutely essential. Thus in the production of linen from flax, of jute from corchorus, of hemp from cannabis, of the fibre of which door-mats are made from cocoanut husks, of leather from hides, a putrefactive fermentation, the work of bacteria, softens these various materials, and thus makes possible the subsequent manipulations by which they are fitted for our use. For centuries has man taken advantage of bacterial labor without at all understanding how impotent he would be without the aid of micro-organisms.

Thus briefly and partially have we rehearsed the labors of the germ world. There is one phase of the subject yet to be touched upon. Besides the microbes mentioned, there are others who, degenerating still lower in the scale of life, have become man's enemies. These parasitic plants, taken into the body through food and water and air, cause disease. But the harm these do us compared to the good we receive from their nobler kinsmen is as the pale radiance of the moon to the refulgent glory of the sun. More than this, if these endanger our health it is our own fault, as we shall show in a subsequent paper.



This illustration gives an excellent idea of the structure of a bacterium. The outer wall is composed of vegetable fibre. Within this is a frothy or foam-like substance, separated into little cells, like honey-comb. These cell walls are composed of minute grains, arranged as threads. These grains are each a vital, or living, unit, and hence must be complex in structure. The nucleus is a rounded body near the centre of the bacterium. Within it, in this case, are two nucleoli, of irregular shape, showing that the bacterium is about to divide into two. The rounded body just beside the nucleus, with sun-like rays, has some relation to the vitality of the bacterium, but just what has not been determined. Both this and the nucleus disappear in old age. Three cavities, or stomachs, may also be seen, with black dots representing food substances approaching these. This illustration is drawn from a large number of observations, and on this scale represents a magnification of sixteen hundred million times.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE ROOM IN WHICH THE MEDICAL EVIDENCE WAS PREPARED FOR THE FAMOUS MOLINEUX CASE.

ANALYZING HUMAN MYSTERIES.

By K. W. Barry.

The most potent factors in the great homicidal trials of the day that will go down in the history of criminal jurisprudence are the toxicologist, or chemist; the pathologist, or student of morbid matter; the bacteriologist, or seeker of the organisms that create disease; the alienist, who makes a study of degeneracy in general, and of the accused in particular; and last, though not least, the medico-legal luminary who frames the hypothetical question.

It is of the first three that we treat in particular, as their evidence is in general of paramount importance or value to the prosecution.

When the victim of a poisoner becomes a subject for analysis, the investigation is generally given to the faculty of some great medical laboratory by the authorities representing the people. This is done for the primary reason that it is desirable to get the evidence of the most eminent experts, who from their standing would have no advantage to gain by soliciting the patronage of the District Attorney's office. The second reason for this course is, that Boards of Health being generally the creatures of the political faction at the moment supreme, it might be charged, and perhaps at times justly, by the defence, that political affiliations created bias against the accused, and the ends of justice would be defeated.

It is here that science reigns supreme. The pathologist first views the body, and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sees from its morbid condition that death was not the result of what is termed "natural causes." This opinion is confirmed by the bacteriologist, who examines the tissues for the apparent cause of death; and both are confirmed by the chemist, who has made an analysis of the viscera. The results of the three, each confirming the other, are then drawn up like a legal brief, and given to the authorities seeking the information. It is in this manner that the most subtle poisons are detected, and the chain of evidence welded around the hapless wight who by his crime has brought himself within the pale of the law and the shadow of death.

It was at the Institute of Chemistry, Bacteriology, and Pathology, 45 East Forty-second Street, New York, that the celebrated "Emma Gill" case, which shocked the country a little while ago, was worked up, and the telling evidence of the pathologist so frightened the defence that they induced the accused woman, Nance Guilford, to plead guilty to the crime of murdering the unfortunate girl by malpractice, and afterward cutting the body up, the better to conceal her crime.

The men who direct the affairs of this Institute are Dr. Farquhar Ferguson, a man so prominent in his profession that at the recent Medical Congress held in Berlin he was unanimously elected to the chair; Professor Rudolph Witthaus of Cornell University; and Dr. Ferdinand Jeffries, who has the reputation of having walked the hospitals of Europe.

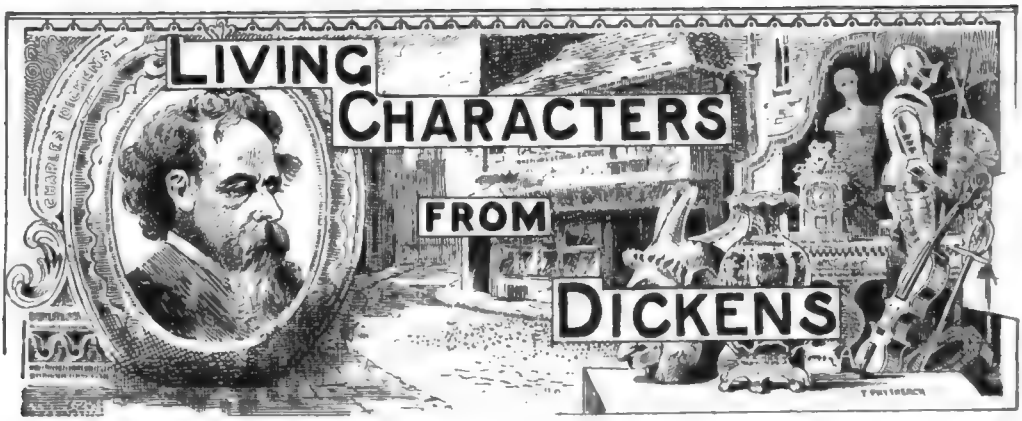
Their endeavor is to accomplish, unaided by subsidy of any kind, as much in the domain of science as the heavily endowed schools of Europe; notable among which is the Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine, in London, recently dowered by Guinness, the Dublin brewer, with the princely sum of $1,250,000.

In our illustrations can be seen the laboratory in which the pathologist and bacteriologist work, and the various instruments employed by them in their studies. These instruments are marvels of human ingenuity, especially the microtome, which cuts morbid matter of the dimensions of a cubic centimetre into sections varying from the 125th to the 500th part of an inch. The cases and jars on the floor contain human remains sent for expert examination, and show the actual manner in which such subjects leave the coroner's office. The illustration on page 285 shows the laboratory of Professor Witthaus, in which the chemical analyses in poison cases are made. So careful are the faculty in the conduct of these cases, that the chemist, on quitting his study, always locks the door and places a seal upon it, so that no one can enter and tamper with the subject under investigation. He is therefore able to truthfully swear that no one had access to the room during his absence, not even his assistants.

GENERAL LABORATORY, SHOWING DIGESTER, MICROTOME, STERILIZER, AND SUBJECTS IN JARS AWAITING ANALYSIS.

The medical evidence used in the Molineux case was prepared in this Institute, where every day scientists are at work analyzing mysteries so subtle that they would seem to defy all efforts at elucidation.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



By H. J. Holmes.

The lover of Dickens and all his works finds little difficulty in beholding, with his mind's eye, the many characters so deftly word-sketched by the pen of England's most facile writer. But it is a finer pleasure to see those characters in very life; to hear them talk; to note their varied movements and idiosyncrasies; in fact, to meet the living creations of the master mind.

FAGIN, THE JEW.

It has been the pleasure of many of our English cousins to have had this experience through the remarkable impersonations of Mr. Bransby Williams, a talented young man who has studied Dickens with graphic effect, and whose "turns" are at present prominent features of the best London vaudeville theatre. Few there be who will hesitate to say that his is a wonderful performance.

Mr. Williams is exceedingly clever in portraying most people; but, in my opinion, he is most successful in Dickens. I think I shall not be far wrong in deciding that the creator of Jo and of Bill Sykes holds a large and warm corner of Mr. Williams's heart.

The public first became acquainted with Mr. Bransby Williams as a suddenly called-on substitute for a certain popular comedian who has been honored with the friendship of the notorious Mrs. Kelly. A solemn silence hushed the house when Mr. Dan Leno's "turn" should have come, but, owing to the indisposition of the famous comedian, it was announced that Mr. Bransby Williams would appear instead in a series of portrayals of prominent persons. To

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

put it briefly, Mr. Williams scored a success, and a month's engagement resulted. After a round of "imitations," Mr. Williams decided to delineate Dickens's characters. He studied the original drawings by Barnard,

MR. PECKSNIFF.

and it did not take him long to make another success in London. Many admirers of Dickens expressed appreciation by letter, and souvenirs of the author dropped in as tokens of regard for a clever performance. Why is it that impersonators such as Mr. Bransby Williams invariably select the characters from Dickens's novels for impersonation, and never, or scarcely ever, those from the works of Thackeray, George Eliot, Scott, Rider Haggard, Guy Boothby, Conan Doyle, and other widely read authors of the past and the present? In the first place, Dickens retains even to-day the position of the most popular author England has ever had. Of course, he is no longer quite what he used to be, say twenty years ago. Taste has changed incalculably since then, and new novelists have come to the fore and pitted themselves against Dickens for the ear of the multitude. Indeed, I think I may say that Mr. Rider Haggard, for instance, has drawn after him a public that runs Dickens pretty close as regards numerical strength. "Allan Quatermain" and "King Solomon's Mines" are almost as much household words as "David Copperfield" and "The Tale of Two Cities."

But the main reason why Dickens finds such favor with impersonators is not his popularity, but the peculiar virtue and intense individuality which he gives to each of his characters. Suppose one of Thackeray's characters was impersonated—Major Pendennis, for instance—what would be the result? Failure, nothing more nor less, even with the most perfect impersonation. There is nothing intensely individual in Thackeray's people; they are all of them more or less commonplace or too complex for acting. Neither would the characters of any other author be likely to succeed on the stage when impersonated in the

SCROOGE.

QUILP.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Bransby Williams style, with, perhaps, the exception of the notorious Svengali of "Trilby" fame, and Captain Kettle, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's redoubtable hero. The

SYDNEY CARTON.

URIAH HEEP.

latter, certainly, has individuality enough to make him succeed anywhere; but this is the case with all Dickens's characters: each represents a peculiar moral or immoral quality—such as hypocrisy as we find it represented by Uriah Heep; malignity by Quilp; nobility by Sydney Carton, and so on. There are no complex people in Dickens; they are all good or bad, charming or detestable, and intensely so in every case. It stands, therefore, to reason that such characters should find favor with actors such as Mr. Williams—they are simpler to impersonate, simpler to understand.

As the accompanying photographic illustrations show, Mr. Williams does not rely on any of those artificial aids to the impersonation of other people. Face-pads or masks are unnecessary. He entirely relies on the wonderful flexibility of his features to bring about changes of facial expression.

As Montague Tigg, we see the character as he would appear in real life. That devil-may-care, jocular, talkative individual; that man who would take as much out of life as he can squeeze, has stepped out of the book, as it were. The spectator finds himself concluding that this is a real Dickens portrait imbued with life and action.

Then, what a widely different impersonation is that of little Nell's grandfather! The loving,

LITTLE NELL'S GRANDFATHER

SQUEERS.

patient old man, the sorrow-stricken, bowed head. What a contrast to the voluble, jaunty Tigg! Mr. Williams is truly an artist,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

or he could never accomplish such effects. His pathos is capable of bringing many a tear to the eyes of his audience; while the stillness in the theatre during this scene is remarkable. Every ear seems strained to catch the pathetic utterance of the old man. How quaint a character it is! One of the triumphs of earnest and patient study.

Another widely different impersonation is that of Mr. Williams's Sydney Carton, from "A Tale of Two Cities." A man who would give his life for another is by no means impossible even in our prosaic days, but Dickens has convinced us that Sydney Carton is a grand reality, and such convincing loses not a jot through the impersonator, whose thrilling words and capital acting are joined with a graceful and manly figure. Mr. Williams's reading of the part is original in more ways than one. He is not satisfied with a mere imitation of a prominent actor-manager's conception of Carton. And he somehow seems more like Dickens's hero as the intelligent reader accepts him.

BILL SYKES.

Back again to "The Old Curiosity Shop" to have a few moments with Dr. Quilp. I saw Mr. Williams as he rendered that passage expressing Quilp's hatred of Brass. The terrible face, the cavernous —almost toothless—mouth, the glaring, ghastly eye—here was Quilp indeed to the life. How he gloated over the thought of destroying his foe! To see him drowning by degrees, to mock him as he shrieked for help! Mr. Williams certainly succeeds in startling his audience by the intensity and power of his impersonation. One reaches almost the shuddering point of unpleasant sensation in witnessing this, one of the most real of Mr. Williams's delineations from Dickens's works.

Then we have another great contrast to the foregoing in the representation of the wormy Uriah Heep. Dickens's description of the 'umble one will be readily remembered. Mr. Williams's delineation of the character is clever, but I do not think that he bears out the author so closely as in other parts. His physical development is against him. Uriah could not boast of a well-built frame upon which to hang his peculiarities of humility. Still, every one who has seen Mr. Williams's performance must admit that he gets as close to the general idea of Uriah's characteristics as it is possible for any impersonator, who is not built as David Copperfield found him, to get; but the oily humility, submissive smile, and soapy squirm are given with all due regard to the correct picture of Uriah according to Dickens.

MR. MICAWBER.

Let us now glance at Mr. Micawber—sanguine Micawber. The character is one that appeals to the light comedian. We all know Micawber: his chronic state of impecuniosity, enlivened by the ever-present

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hope that something is bound to "turn up." We all like Micawber and his quaint philosophy. It is like meeting an old friend when we see Mr. Williams appear cheerily before us. The smile we saw in our imagination when we first made his acquaintance in "David Copperfield"—there it is. The lively temperament of the hopeful one in his better moments—there we recognize it. The glib tongue, the bald head, the arranged pose—all are there. Mr. Williams has given us Micawber from Copperfield, and we laugh just as when he first came under our notice. We feel the better for his company in ten minutes. And it takes a little time to realize that, after all, we have only seen him impersonated.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

Mr. Wackford Squeers was never a nice man to know—even in a novel. A very unpopular person with everybody. But there is a good deal of character in him. Mr. Williams has evidently studied him closely and with good effect. The scowling schoolmaster is quite an amusing fellow when seen from the stalls, and what he says is not unmixed with a grim humor such as Dickens could write so well when he wished. His logic, too, is of that tickling description often noticed in Pickwickian novels. Altogether Mr. Williams transforms the brutal dominie into a very interesting, if unpleasant, sort of individual.

An introduction to our old friend, Bill Sykes, whose name will live while burglary remains an interesting science, is a not unimportant event. William is such a peculiar creature! Everybody has taken an interest in William. There is some virtue in being the best of anything, and Sykes is the best ruffian we have ever met in the burglary department of modern novels. Mr. Williams makes an ideal burglar. Any one who has seen him made up as Sykes must admit that if a nervous man met him in some secluded spot about midnight, a considerable amount of discomfort would be experienced by the lonely traveller. Mr. Williams really makes a charming burglar. Look at the photograph, and ask yourself, Does it not picture to perfection Bill Sykes out on a very wicked prowl for business? Then his voice! Files and hand-saws—a tone guaranteed to give his hearers one cold shiver in every sentence. There are many who consider this impersonation Mr. Williams's best, and I am much disposed to agree. The contrast between this character and that of Sydney Carton is nothing short of wonderful, and stamps the artist, who is so successful in both, as a versatile genius.

"Oliver Twist" supplies Mr. Williams with much material for his work. Fagin, the Jew, comes next to Bill Sykes. Makeup has to be considerably augmented in this case by long hair and a flowing beard. The result is a typical low-class Jew. Mr. Williams has the correct accent of the Whitechapel Hebrew. This part is the most trying of all those taken from Dickens. The gallows scene and death of Fagin are most graphically rendered, and the acting throughout is thrilling. Mr. Williams assures me that on many nights he feels so exhausted after the awful scene that he has to be helped off the stage. The unearthly shrieks of the miserable wretch Fagin—"Mercy, Mercy!"—will ring in one's ears for hours after hearing them.

In addition to those named, Mr. Williams has impersonated nearly all of Dickens's characters—the lofty Mr. Pecksniff, Scrooge, Peggotty, Poor Jo, Sam Weller, Caleb Plummer, and even Mrs. Gamp. He frequently gives five performances nightly, and a different set of characters is delineated in each.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE MOST WESTERN CHURCH ON THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

[*We shall be glad to consider photographs of all kinds suitable for this section of the magazine, and to pay for such as are accepted.*—Ed.]

A LONELY CHURCH.

In the far-off island of Attu, the last of the Aleutians, in 173 degrees east longitude, and about 6,000 miles west of Washington City, is the little Greek church, a picture of which is here shown. This is the last church to the west on the Western Hemisphere. It is built of slabs and driftwood, and covered with sod. Services are held in it at such intervals as a priest may reach it. There are only about seventy-five inhabitants of Attu, all of them living in the most abject poverty. The revenue cutter "Grant" calling there in July, 1899, found children ten or twelve years of age absolutely naked, and the climate is always inclement, though never extremely cold. Greek crosses surmount the church and the belfry, and a cross may be seen over a grave to the right of the building. The people live chiefly on fish, and they make the famous Attu baskets, mats, and other grass-woven articles, which are the most beautiful of their kind made by the Indians of North America. A basket costing a dollar or two in trade goods on the island has been known to sell for fifty dollars in the States. The photograph was taken by Mr. Norman of the revenue cutter "Grant."

A NATIVE ALASKAN HOME.

Many of the native Alaskans, Aleuts, and others along the coasts and on the islands, have a very primitive way of living, and their most primitive abiding place is called a "barrabara," a picture of one being herewith given. These barrabaras are pretty much the same wherever found, and they consist of a framework of wood

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

covered with earth and sod, making them warm in winter and cool in summer, albeit an Alaskan summer is never oppressively hot. They are divided into two or three rooms or more, according to the size of the family, and the rooms are seldom larger than eight or nine feet square, with ceilings usually less than six feet high. In this small space as many as ten or a dozen men, women, and children live, move, and have their being, besides doing all their cooking. That the huts are ill-smelling and unclean goes without saying. In some instances they are past description in nastiness. Sometimes they are provided with windows, and this is somewhat of a relief. In the summer they are rather pretty than otherwise on the outside, as the grass in the sod covering them is beautifully green, and this is interspersed with many of the wild flowers of Alaska, which are almost tropical in their brilliance of color. Beyond the barrabara may be seen two "shacks" of a more modern civilization.

A NATIVE ALASKAN HOME.

AN ALEUTIAN FOREST.

The accompanying picture is from a photograph of the only "forest" in the Aleutian Islands and that portion of Alaska lying to the westward of Kadiak, in longitude 153 degrees west. This treeless territory extends as far as Attu, which is the last of the group of Aleutian Islands, and is in longitude 173 degrees east. Not counting the Philippines, Attu is the westernmost limit of the United States. Occasionally small bushes of willow or spruce will appear—botanists have discovered a perfect Alaska willow tree only a quarter of an inch high—but nowhere are there trees of sufficient size or numbers to be given the name of "forest," except at Dutch Harbor, where a group was planted about one hundred years ago by Russian priests. The trees, twenty or thirty in number, are about twenty to twenty-five feet in height, with five or six inches of trunk. They are fir trees, and in all their hundred years have not been able to attain a normal growth, though the climate is mild and the soil exceedingly rich. On one of the neighboring islands near this "forest" there is a clump of three or four trees, which were also put out by Russian priests, and have succeeded in living. The entire absence of trees in all this territory is remarkable and inexplicable, and the effect upon the newcomer from sections where trees abound is peculiar. Coming east the tree line begins at Kadiak, five hundred miles west of Sitka, and the traveller who has been to the westward for several weeks, seeing the trees again, greets them as old friends. The eye grows painfully weary of the endless green valleys and mountains as smooth in the distance as a shaven lawn, and he actually hungers for a sight of trees. They begin abruptly at or near Kadiak,

THE ONLY FOREST IN THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TELEPHONING WITHOUT WIRES.

and continue eastward until another break occurs in the vast treeless plains of the middle United States and British Columbia. It may be noted that the greatest trees in the world are found in the territory lying midway between these two treeless tracts.

TELEPHONING WITHOUT WIRES.

A London inventor has recently perfected an instrument for long-distance telephoning without wires. The value of this new means of communication will be greatest to the navigators of vessels at sea and for military purposes. Tests are now being made by the British Admiralty Board with the idea of adopting the invention in the British navy and the mercantile marine. The reflectors of the apparatus are made by electro-deposition, and these reflectors are turned until by the intensity of the sound it is known that they are facing the direction from which the message to be received is coming. Then when the flexible tube is held to the ear, the sound is intensified much in the same way as a speaking trumpet makes otherwise inaudible words clear to a deaf person. For the purposes of communication between ships at sea two instruments would be used, one on each vessel. The mirrors would be focussed upon each other, and the message being spoken into the flexible tube on one ship would be distinctly audible to the signal officer with the flexible tube to his ear on the other ship.

A MILITARY MOTOR CARRIAGE.

The first military motor carriage constructed in this country will shortly receive an official test to determine its usefulness in modern warfare. The inventor, Major R. P. Davidson, commandant of the Northwestern Military Academy, Highland Park, Ill., is seen standing to the left of the gun in the accompanying illustration.

The motor gun carriage runs by gasolene, with a six horse-power motor, the gasolene tank carrying sufficient fuel for 200 miles. The tank and all vital parts of the machinery are bullet-proof. The engine is very simple in construction, and has a windlass attachment to which a rope can be fastened for pulling the carriage out of ditches, bad holes, or up steep inclines; in fact, the carriage can pull up its own weight, the end of the rope being attached to some fixed object. This makes it possible to take it up to elevated positions where a horse would find it impossible to get a footing. The weight of the carriage in full working order, with gun, gasolene, and full equipment, is about 1,100 pounds; without gun and with tank empty, about 900 pounds. The wheels are 36 inches in diameter, with wooden spokes, metal rims, and pneumatic tires.

The carriage seats four persons, with tents, blankets, and equipment, extra supplies, and rations for ten days, and 3,000 to 5,000 rounds of ammunition. On the front of the frame is mounted a Colt auto-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

matic rapid-fire gun shooting 480 shots per minute automatically. A bullet-proof shield protects the operator.

ARTIFICIAL COAL.

George Montag, a German, is the inventor of a process for the manufacture from ordinary earth of a fuel closely resembling coal. So successful have his experiments been that many large German manufacturers are making arrangements to employ his product in the place of pit coal. Any kind of earth can be used in the manufacture of the fuel with the exception of sand and gravel. Certain ingredients, the nature of which is the inventor's secret, are mixed with the dirt; the material is then pressed into the form of bricks, which are extremely hard and brittle, and highly inflammable.

THE INVENTOR OF A PROCESS FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF FUEL FROM ORDINARY EARTH.

TO SAVE SHIPS AT SEA.

The most stupendous voice ever heard will hereafter warn mariners to keep away from the rocks and shoals off Falkner's Island, opposite Guilford, Conn. The voice will speak through the greatest megaphone in the world, and the sound will be manufactured by a "siren" working at forty pounds steam pressure. Previous to the erection of this monster megaphone on Falkner's Island, the largest one ever made was six feet long. This new megaphone is eighteen feet long and seven feet in diameter at the mouth. The megaphone is mounted on a circular platform, on which it revolves, and as it reaches each of the eight principal points of the compass in turn, going from right to left, it sounds a different signal at each point.

THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE MILITARY GUN.

A MONSTER MEGAPHONE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A TRAVELLING COURT OF JUSTICE.

HOLDING COURT IN THE OPEN AIR.

United States Commissioner H. Jennings, of the Indian Territory, who sends us the accompanying photograph of one of his courts of justice under the trees, writes as follows describing this innovation in the work of bringing swift punishment to law-breakers.

"The idea of a 'flying court' for the Indian Territory originated with United States Marshal Bennett, who recognized that many outlaws went unpunished because the witnesses would not travel fifty miles or more to testify against them. The remedy was obvious: take the court to the witnesses. Marshal Bennett, Deputies Dave Adams, A. M. Lewis, A. J. Trail, W. E. Shipley, and I, together with a posse of men and cooks and a regular camping outfit, took the field at Inola, I. T., and by slow and easy stages covered a large part of the Territory. The rule was to camp at some particular section, remain there until every case in the vicinity had been tried and every criminal rounded up, and then move on. During the trip we had to swim rivers and rough it in various ways, but no criminal that we knew about got away from us. The results were sixty-seven arrests for various crimes. The culprits are either now receiving punishment or are awaiting trial at the coming term of court. Whereas, before the idea was carried out, the law-breakers laughed at us, knowing that no one would take the trouble to appear against them, they are now getting out of the country as fast as they can. That is to say, those who were not caught on our trip."

FAMOUS JAPANESE ACTORS.

Kawakami Otojiro, called in English Otto Kawakami, and Madame Yacco, the Henry Irving and Ellen Terry of the Japanese stage, are now in this country *en route* to the Paris Exposition. They are at the head of a Japanese dramatic company from the Mikado's Imperial Theatre, and are the highest exponents of dramatic art in their country. For this reason they have been sent to Paris to fill an engagement in the Japanese Government theatre during the Exposition of 1900.

These talented performers are not to be considered as mere theatrical curiosities. They represent the real dignity of Japanese art. Japanese performers of the class who do juggling and balancing acts are not uncommon, but an organization of intelligent people who can give one an insight to the native Japanese drama is something hitherto quite unknown in this country.

Otto Kawakami is the founder of a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

dramatic school which now numbers above eighteen hundred pupils. He built the theatre of Tokio, the largest and finest play-house in the Orient. This is modelled after the Parisian theatres, which he visited some years ago for the purpose of getting ideas for its construction and stage arrangements. Here are produced chiefly his own plays, which are set forth with great attention to costuming and stage-setting, making them revelations of rich Oriental effects. They are educational, patriotic, and historical in character, and number more than twenty.

Of the two women in his company, the celebrated Madame Yacco is the most notable. She is Japan's greatest geisha, and a perfect type of Oriental beauty, showing the fine, long, oval face with prominent, well-chiselled features, deep-sunken eye-sockets, oblique eyelids, elevated and arched eyebrows, high and narrow forehead, rounded nose, a bird-like mouth, pointed chin, and small hands and feet. Her rise has been meteoric. She was once only a humble geisha, while now she is the supreme mistress of the Japanese tragic muse.

A FAMILY WHEEL.

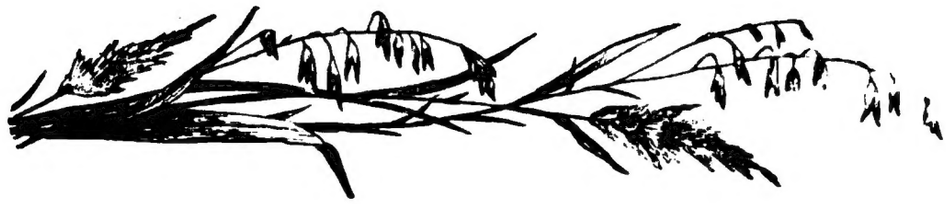
JAPAN'S LEADING ACTOR AND ACTRESS.

However, the number of women actors in Japan is very limited, the majority of women parts being taken by men. In suggesting that Kawakami should visit America, the Mikado laid particular stress on the opportunity for considering to what extent the popularity of stage performances was due to the appearance of women actors. Kawakami is here to absorb whatever ideas may be suggested by the superiority of American theatrical methods.

A FAMILY WHEEL.

Mr. Frederick W. Goedeke of Evansville, Indiana, is the inventor of a new form of sociable tricycle which is intended for family use. The father and mother sit in front, and work; the children sit behind, with their backs turned towards their parents. The merit of the invention lies in the neat appearance of the machine and its lightness. The tricycle can be taken to pieces and the necessary parts put together again in the form of an ordinary safety bicycle in the course of a few minutes. A patent has been applied for.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



KITTY NEIL.

Ah, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel;
  Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree—
  Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
  Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley,
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
  Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley.

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
  Her eye in the glass, as she wound her hair, glancing.
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
  So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green glad groups are seen,
  Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
  Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipe to his knee,
  And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
  The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—
  Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,
  No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue
  Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly—
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form—
  Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
  Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye as he cries with a sigh,
  "*Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!*"

John Francis Waller, LL.D.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

POPULAR BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A CAREFUL canvass of the leading booksellers results in the compilation of the following list of books that have proved themselves most popular during the past month, as judged by the number of copies sold:

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER AND PUBLISHER'S PRICE
Janice Meredith,	Paul Leicester Ford	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
The Light of Scarthey,	Egerton Castle	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Young April,	Egerton Castle	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Richard Carvel,	Winston Churchill	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
David Harum,	Edward Noyes Westcott	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
When Knighthood Was in Flower,	Edward Caskoden	(Bowen, Merrill & Co., $1.50).
The Market Place,	Harold Frederic	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen,	F. P. Dunne	(Small, Maynard & Co., $1.25).
Concerning Isabel Carnaby,	Ellen T. Fowler	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
Stalky & Co.,	Rudyard Kipling	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
Little Novels of Italy,	Maurice Hewlett	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
The Orange Girl,	Walter Besant	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Kit Kennedy,	S. R. Crockett	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Black Douglas,	S. R. Crockett	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50)
No. 5 John Street,	Richard Whiteing	(The Century Co., $1.50).
Red Rock,	Thomas Nelson Page	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
Prisoners of Hope,	Mary Johnston	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
Children of the Mist,	E. Phillpot	(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50).
Idyls of the Sea,	Frank T. Bullen	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
The Log of a Sea Waif,	Frank T. Bullen	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
The Many-Sided Franklin,	Paul Leicester Ford	(The Century Co., $3.00).
The Trail of the Sand Hill Stag,	E. Seton Thompson	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
That Fortune,	Charles Dudley Warner	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim,	Frances Hodgson Burnett	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
The Open Question,	Elizabeth Robbins (C. E. Raimond)	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
The Lion and the Unicorn,	Richard Harding Davis	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25).
Bob, Son of Battle,	Alfred Ollivant	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25).
Red Pottage,	Mary Cholmondeley	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Santa Claus's Partner,	Thomas Nelson Page	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
Blix,	Frank Norris	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25).
Knights of the Cross (2 vols.),	Henry Sienkiewicz	(R. Fenno & Co., $2.00).
A Gentleman from Indiana,	Booth Tarkington	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
Loyal Hearts and True,	Ruth Ogden	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Via Crucis,	F. Marion Crawford	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Fisherman's Luck,	Henry Van Dyke	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER AND PUBLISHER'S PRICE
The Adventures of a Freshman,	Jesse Lynch Williams	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25).
Their Silver Wedding Journey (2 vols.),	William Dean Howells	(Harper & Bros., $5.00).
Briton and Boer,	James Bryce	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
The Transvaal from Within,	J. P. Fitzpatrick	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $2.50).
South African Recollections,	Mrs. Lionel Phillips	(Longmans, Green, & Co., $2.50).
Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant,	Edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $3.50).
Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett		(Harper & Bros., $5.00).
Century of Science,	John Fiske	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $2.00).
Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson (2 vols.),	Edited by Sidney Colvin	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $5.00).
Letters of John Everett Millais (2 vols.),	Edited by John Guille Millais	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $10.00).
Wild Animals I Have Known,	E. Seton Thompson	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems,	Edwin Markham	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.00).
Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America (2 vols.),	John Fiske	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $4.00).
Tramping with Tramps,	Josiah Flynt	(The Century Co., $1.50).
American Land and Letters, Vol. II.,	Donald G. Mitchell	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.50).
Admiral George Dewey,	John Barrett	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
Nooks and Corners of Old New York,	Charles Hemstreet	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
The War with Spain,	Henry Cabot Lodge	(Harper & Bros., $2.50).
Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters,	Elbert Hubbard	(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.75).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN